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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Socialist League, as was generally expected, was heavily defeated at Southport. Most of its proposals were withdrawn; the rest were boiled down, rolled out and stamped on. In the discussions on what was left of the industrial and constitutional amendments the few concessions made by the Executive amounted to little or nothing. For the essence of the Socialist League's case was that Labour must prepare for taking office in a crisis and that the Executive must pledge itself to the assumption of immediate powers to utilise this crisis to lay the foundations of Socialism. A remarkable effort to work out the kind of steps which might be necessary, first to seize power and then to build Socialism without violent revolution, has been made in Mr. G. R. Mitchison's book, *The First Workers' Government* (Gollancz, 5s.)—a book which could be seen under the arms of many delegates at Southport. But the Socialist League was not quite foolish enough to expect detailed pledges. It only asked for a pledge that the next Labour Government would proceed on assuming office to abolish the House of Lords and invest itself with the substance of power by assuming control of the financial machine. The Executive and the Conference refused this request; they promised no more than to abolish the Lords if they were a nuisance and to take emergency powers if there were an emergency. That on the face of it does not look a very terrifying decision. But it seems to have been taken seriously in Tory circles, and it has stimulated the demand for a "reform" of the House of Lords which it is supposed will make it more popular as well as more effective.

Foreign Policy at Southport

The Socialist League's foreign policy amendments were equally unsuccessful. For the time at least the division in the Party on foreign policy, which was manifest at Hastings last year between revolutionary resistance to all war and loyalty to the collective peace system, is settled in favour of orthodoxy. Mr. Bevin, reporting the decision of the T.U.C. on the general strike, made it abundantly clear that in foreign affairs he shares the outlook of Mr. Henderson, Dr. Dalton, Mr. Noel Baker and (with minor modifications) Major Attlee. The Conference discarded the Hastings general strike resolution, the point of which was that Labour must prepare itself psychologically for mass resistance to any war that is likely to come. Labour has now given an absolute pledge to conform to national obligations at Geneva—obligations which have assumed a much more threatening aspect since the Manchurian affair, the triumph of Hitler and the breakdown of disarmament. The difficulty of British Labour will be to differentiate its policy from that of Mr. Winston Churchill and the French Government. Collective security is now common form among realistic

imperialists of the sated Powers, and the Labour Party may be hard put to it to avoid voting for increases in armaments demanded in order to make sanctions effective. But on argument the entrance of the U.S.S.R. into the League has torpedoed the Left, both the Socialist League and out and out pacifists, like the eloquent Mr. Wellock, admitting at the Conference that they still adhered to the League in the hope that it would stave off war.

Spain in Crisis

The fall of the Samper Government has put the Spanish Republic on a razor-edge. This crisis is no mere affair of rival politicians struggling for office. It is a contest of powerful parties representing real causes and fundamentally divided in purpose and policy. The Right is dominated by Señor Gil Robles and his Catholic Action, with Monarchists and Fascists hanging on to its skirts. In the centre are the Liberals or Radicals, upholding the Republic, opposing clericalism on the one side and revolutionary Socialism on the other, but with no effective programme of their own. Gil Robles, the forceful and astute personality, whose defection brought the Samper Ministry down, is strong enough to form a Government. But that would almost certainly provoke a declaration of war, literal war, from the Left—the Socialists and Communists and Syndicalists, who now have some semblance of a " united front." Of the other alternatives, a dissolution and new elections or an attempt at a new Radical Government leaning on support from the Right, President Zamora has chosen the latter. The veteran Señor Lerroux is engaged in this task as we write. If he succeeds, he may avert an immediate outbreak of violence; but it does not look as if he or anyone else can do more than that.

Mr. Roosevelt and American Business

The N.R.A. has been broken up, and General Johnson has made his farewell harangue before returning to a highly lucrative post in private business. President Roosevelt has addressed the nation, making nothing plain about the future except that the New Deal is to go on, and that the reorganisation of the N.R.A. by no means involves its disappearance. Business men are proclaiming more loudly than ever that the way to a recovery lies through a revival of private investment, and that no amount of Government spending is a substitute for private enterprise. Presumably the President's reference to " fair private profit " as among his objectives was meant to reassure the business world; but the notion of " fair " profit is new to the American business mind, and not altogether welcome. Business refuses to be reassured, especially as it expects more Government spending when the President's new plans for maintaining the unemployed are announced. The American Federation of Labour welcomes the President's declared intention of conferring with representatives of the workers, but proclaims that it will on no account give up the right to strike. In general, it is clearer than ever that Mr. Roosevelt still has the country behind him, but not a whit clearer what he is likely to do next.

Balkan Hopes and Fears

The visit of the King and Queen of Jugoslavia to Bulgaria heralds, we are told, a new era of peace in the Balkans. We hope it does. The conversations of the sovereigns and their ministers certainly promise an improvement in the long strained relations of Serbs and Bulgars. The Bulgarian Government had already taken an important step in breaking up the Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation, which, with its demand for an independent Macedonia and its terroristic methods, has for years kept the pot of mischief on the boil. But it is now for Belgrade to do its part; the harsh treatment of the Macedonian minority in Jugoslavia has given the Revolutionaries a genuine grievance and won widespread sympathy for them in Bulgaria. Apart from this a number of reforms have been agreed on which should be of great mutual benefit—closer economic and cultural relations, new roads and railway communications across the frontiers, easier passport regulations, and so on.

* * *

But the larger aspects of this *rapprochement* look more doubtful. Bulgaria has not been persuaded to come into the so-called Balkan pact which was signed a few months ago by Rumania, Jugoslavia, Greece and Turkey, and the Jugoslavs themselves show no particular affection for it. What, then, is in the wind? Is it a re-orientation of policy, as many believe, in which Jugoslavia, at odds already with Italy, and drifting away from France, will range herself, and Bulgaria by her side, with Germany? We shall perhaps know more about that after King Alexander's forthcoming visit to Paris. Another event which has fluttered the dovecotes is the governmental crisis in Rumania, following the differences between the Premier, M. Tatarescu, and M. Titulescu, the Foreign Minister, who is known as the strongest of Francophiles. But the disappearance of M. Titulescu from the re-formed Cabinet cannot be taken as a gesture against France. It is quite probable that he will be persuaded to come back, and, anyhow, M. Tatarescu himself is a partisan of the French alliance. Nevertheless, the French satellite system is not what it was. Poland has as good as gone, Jugoslavia is doubtful; circumstances may presently drive Rumania to reconsider her position.

The Coming Winter in Germany

Herr Hitler addressed another of his monster meetings last Sunday, at the Harvest Festival near Hanover. This time it was not all gas and gaiters. The Führer admitted to some difficulties (though, of course, these were the fault of enemies at home and abroad), and he warned his hearers of the hard times that are coming. He disclosed no plans for meeting the economic pinch, except for a pretty plain hint at universal forced labour. This will surprise nobody; it has been expected for some time past. Hitler attempts to sugar the pill by saying that the scheme is not a mere palliative of unemployment; its purpose is to put a spade in the hands of every German, whatever his social position, and compel him to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. That sounds well, and, indeed, as a method of levelling class distinctions may have something to be said for it. It is certainly less objectionable than Pilsudski's plan of conscripting most of the adult population of Poland, including women, for military service. But it is a crude method, and it can do little towards solving economic and financial problems. All the shovels and all the acres in Germany will not produce the essential raw materials of which she will be in desperate need.

The Coal Dispute Settled

The danger of a strike in the South Wales coalfield has been removed by the agreement to refer the issues to arbitration. The three arbitrators will be appointed jointly by the Minister of Labour and the Secretary for Mines; and their award is to be incorporated in a new agreement, to run for at least three years, subject to a right on either side to apply in any year for a revision of wages. If the arbitrators award an advance, it is to be retrospective to the beginning of October. These terms were accepted, first by the owners and then by the South Wales Miners' Federation, by a very large majority vote. The miners, well aware of the danger of shutting down the pits in the present condition of foreign demand, wanted to avoid a strike; and the owners probably welcomed an escape from the indefensible attitude which they had taken up during the negotiations. For once, Government intervention has settled a dispute in the coal industry without a stoppage of work. What remains is to secure arbitrators in whose verdict confidence will be felt, and—even more important—to proceed to the larger task of regularising the negotiating machinery in the industry and securing for the future respect for the tribunal set up under the Act of 1930.

Overcrowding

Sir Hilton Young made an important speech on Monday at Plymouth, foreshadowing the next stages in the Government's housing programme. The new scheme will deal with overcrowding as a complement to the measures already in train for slum clearance. It is to be an offence for either landlord or tenant to sanction the overcrowding of dwellings beyond a new standard which will be laid down in the forthcoming Bill. The Minister anticipates that this will involve large measures of rehousing in the centre of the towns, and contemplates extensive building of flats under the auspices of the local authorities. Subsidies are to be made available from the Exchequer; but, at the same time, all the housing subsidies are to be consolidated into a single grant, so as to give the local authorities an incentive to make the best use of the available money. Encouragement is to be given to public utility societies, and local authorities are to be authorised to hand over the management of their house property to bodies of commissioners—a proposal which needs careful scrutiny if it is not to remove rents and conditions outside democratic control. The new measure looks to be of the first importance; but Sir Hilton Young's forecast of it, though informative, leaves out just those vital particulars which will make it either a reality or a pretence.

Cheaper Milk for Schoolchildren

Last Monday, when the price of milk supplied in the elementary schools was halved, was hailed as a Red Letter Day. We should call it a Pink Letter Day. That is not to deny the benevolence of Mr. Elliot or the value of the arrangement made with the Milk Marketing Board under his auspices. But it is not enough. If milk is a supremely important food for children (and about that there can be no dispute), then one-third of a pint a day is a niggardly quantity, especially for the many thousands who will get no fresh milk at home. There is a strong case, too, as the Children's Minimum Committee have shown, for supplying free milk for all; the poverty of many parents makes the payment of even ½d. a day per child prohibitive. Really necessitous cases can, of course, be supplied with free milk by the local education authority; but the discrimination between payers and non-payers is invidious, and may too often result in those who most need the milk not getting it. Nor do all local education authorities fully exercise their powers; failing "free milk for all," it should at least be made compulsory on every L.E.A. to see that no necessitous child goes short. The stock argument against a more generous policy is that we cannot afford it. But we can afford it, and moreover, spending on milk for children is a truer national economy than saving.

The "Appointed Days" for the Unemployed

The "appointed days" under the Unemployment Act have now been officially announced. The new system of benefit for insured workers is already in force. On January 7th, 1935, the "transitionals" will be transferred to the Unemployment Assistance Board; and on March 1st the structure will be completed by bringing the uninsured unemployed under the Board. There will thus come into existence for the first time a more or less co-ordinated scheme for dealing with all types of unemployed workers. Apart from those in receipt of insurance benefits, there will be at least a million workers to be dealt with by the new authority, or, including dependents, at least three and a half millions. Until the new regulations are issued it is impossible to say either what the effect of the new system will be or what amount of dislocation the transfer will involve. It is evidently to the good that more uniform treatment will be meted out to unemployed workers in different areas. But it seems very doubtful whether this tripartite scheme—Insurance, Unemployment Assistance and Poor Law—can be made to work as a satisfactory whole.

Another Blackshirt Fiasco

The great Fascist rally in Manchester last Saturday was a fiasco that resembled in many respects the Hyde Park affair on September 9th. The police had taken elaborate precautions. They did not enforce their original ban on the anti-Fascist counter-marchers, but they prevented any clash. The Blackshirts were kept behind a wooden fence in the Belle Vue gardens, and there Sir Oswald Mosley roared for an hour against a barrage of interruptions. Such of his speech as did get through was violent stuff. He blackguarded the Jews, big and little, international and local. He taunted Mr. Citrine and the T.U.C. with openly supporting the conspiracy of Jewish finance. And rather oddly he accused his opponents of "howling for police protection." More fantastic still was his claim that every manifestation of hostility to him and his doctrines has brought to his side "thousands of English men and women" who do not like the look of Hebraic faces. Where is all this host of adherents (they ought, on his own showing, to be millions by this time), and what are they doing to prove their zeal in the cause? The truth is that Sir Oswald Mosley, with his wild talk and his swashbuckling methods, is doing more than anyone else to make Fascism stink in English nostrils.

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THE UNITED FRONT AT SOUTHPORT

THE picture that will always stand out most clearly in my mind after this year's Labour Conference at Southport is the powerful figure of Ernest Bevin standing on the rostrum denouncing an erring junior who had dared to attack the official caucus. Mr. Bevin made no bones about it. He was not delicate or indirect in his references to "our party." The Trade Unions, he pointed out, had created the Labour Party and, unlike other elements which carped and criticised and made trouble, always loyally accepted the decisions of its National Executive. Mr. Bevin's immense services to the Trade Union movement, his quickness of mind and the force of his personality have given him a deserved prestige. When he speaks to-day he is revealed as a political boss, the nearest approach to the American variety of that species that we have ever seen in this country. Behind him sat with rigid faces the Party Executive, consisting of men, most of them able men, who have served the party well in the past as individuals and sometimes as rebels, but who have now decided that they must preserve a façade of complete unity, that they must not act or speak as individuals with opinions of their own, but as a machine which would unite, as Ernest Bevin declared in so many words, to crush any movement within the ranks of Labour which they had not as a machine explicitly endorsed.

On the particular issue of party discipline on which Mr. Bevin spoke, the Executive would in any case have been supported by an overwhelming majority. For disgust with the disruptive methods of the Communist Party is general among delegates who have for years struggled against campaigns of noise and personal vilification. But no one who listened to this debate could doubt that more than Communism was involved. What Mr. Herbert Morrison was denouncing, in one of those consummately adroit speeches which have so much enhanced his popularity at this year's Conference, was not only Communism. In effect he was denouncing personal initiative and independence. He was demanding for the Executive not merely the right to make endorsed candidates toe the line and to renounce any affiliations to the Communists—a perfectly reasonable demand—but the power to expel from the Party any individual who even loosely associated (by appearing, for instance, on the platform with a Communist) with any organisation which the Executive names as disruptive, even if its objects are on some particular issue non-political. Individually, members of the Executive will admit that there may be legitimate and desirable forms of activity—battles to be fought for the unemployed in distressed areas, battles of liberty to be fought in the courts, relief work to be done for persecuted workers abroad—which may necessarily involve association with Communists, and which Transport House, with its immense task of organisation, cannot possibly find time to cope with adequately as they arise.

But these are individual opinions, and the machine moves on a united front. Mr. Bevin did not even pretend that he was only after the Communists. The essence of his speech was his dislike of the "intellectuals," his bitter feeling against the Socialist League, whose paper, *The Socialist Leaguer*, unwisely published a lampoon on Trade Unionist leaders, his determination to steam-roller a Member of Parliament who had opposed his policy. He said, almost in so many words, that it was his party, that he would not tolerate any opposition, and that he regarded independence as treachery.

Walking away from the Conference after the card vote had registered its meaningless millions on the side of the party machine, I met to my surprise an able young banker who is certainly not a Socialist. He explained that some of his friends in the City were interested in knowing what was the atmosphere of this Conference and in gauging its probable effect on the economic future of England. I asked him what he would report. His reply was unexpected. He said that obviously the party was now dominated by the Trade Unions, though they were no longer in a position to dominate the whole working-class movement in view of the fact that only a minority of the working classes were now Union members. The Trade Union leaders, however, must, as things were, dominate the party and consider first the interests of the sheltered and highly organised industries. He concluded that the influence of the Labour Party would be to keep up wages even when, economically, the deepening economic crisis which he foresees in the future might from the capitalist point of view demand their drastic reduction. He thought that the gradualist corporation Socialism of Mr. Morrison was really accepted by the whole Executive, and that it would be impotent to deal with the crisis which would arise in a fiercer form than in 1931. The result, he feared, might be a financial crash as dangerous as that which had happened in Germany or the United States. He regarded this as the shortest route to Fascism, and as an intelligent capitalist he knew that Fascism was disastrous to capitalists as well as to workers. He would report not that there was any "menace of Socialism," but that the policy of the Labour Party might well lead to a grave crisis which would serve the purposes of extreme reaction. He ended by saying that he would recommend his semi-Fascist friends in the City to finance the Labour Party.

In this analysis (which is, incidentally, the basis of the Socialist League's demand for emergency powers and the speedy seizure of financial power) my financial friend was, of course, jumping too quickly to conclusions. The masterful attitude of Ernest Bevin is the reaction from defeats within the party as well as the expression of power successfully used. Nor could my friend, a new observer of an extremely complicated organisation, appreciate the personal animosities which forced their way into the discussion, or know the strength of the rank and file opposition which could not manifest itself in the Conference. He did not realise either that the Parliamentary Labour Party makes decisions which may not always accord with Trade Union wishes. But he appears to me substantially right in saying that the party is more predominantly a Trade Union party than it has been in the past, and that the great Trade Unions represent a powerful vested interest within capitalism which grows or diminishes as capitalism prospers or declines, that in a crisis they might seek to defend their entrenched position with the very possible result of accepting an English form of that Corporate State which is now so much talked of, even if, in doing so, Socialism were forgotten and the

working classes as a whole left in that position of inferiority which is necessarily theirs in a Fascist economy.

The Southport Conference has at least had the merit of making the tendency of the party clear. It presents on the surface a remarkable unity. Such Conference unity must be to some extent deceptive because, with an Executive acting as an entity and making full use of the card vote, real opposition opinion is hard to mobilise. One disadvantage of this method of Conference arrangement is that many good cases are spoilt because members of the Executive who may be known to agree with the dissentient opinion do not add the weight of their opinion to the discussion, while those who wish to advance heterodox opinions are forced into the position that they can only do so as an attack on the Executive. Knowing that they must, in any case, be defeated, they often give up the methods of persuasion and resort to exaggerated and useless abuse of the Executive. When all this is remembered, however, the Executive's victory over dissentient elements must be accounted overwhelming. The Socialist League, which began hopefully because it seemed likely to obtain important Trade Union support, has been outmanoeuvred at the Conference. With Sir Stafford Cripps now conveniently incorporated into the Executive we may expect to hear less of the Socialist League in the newspapers, even though its work may continue energetically in local parties. Even on the issue of foreign policy and the general strike, on which the "Left" element gained a very substantial vote, the Executive can claim unity between the political and industrial leaders. The Labour Party has once more decisively renounced the path of revolution. Revolutionary elements exist within it, but the full force of the party machine will be used to strangle them. In so doing it may also strangle elements in the party which are valuable and not Communist. When I consider this decision, and the dangers foreseen by my friend in the City, I see one indubitable conclusion. In deciding, in effect, for gradualism the Labour Party is assuming a measure of capitalist recovery. If that assumption is justified, Labour may succeed, with political tact, in becoming a successful reformist alternative to Conservatism. It is not preparing for economic crisis; it is gambling on economic recovery.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SAAR

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN SAARBRÜCKEN]

THE Franco-Russian rapprochement has naturally had some effects on the relations between the Second and the Third International, and nowhere is the result more striking than in the Saar. Socialists and Communists who, a few months ago, would exchange only abuse are now appearing together on the platforms of the *Einheitsfront* to fight for the preservation of the *status quo*. But it is still the Catholic vote which will decide the fate of the Saar in the plebiscite next January, and it is therefore to the appearance of Catholic priests on *status quo* platforms that the greatest interest attaches. I was not able to witness the first occurrence of this phenomenon at the great Sulzbach meeting on August 26th, the Sunday after the last plebiscite in the Reich, but I went to a *status quo* meeting in Saarbrücken the other day. The Workers' Welfare Hall was crammed with people who stood for three hours to hear the speeches; they stood because chairs take up too much space. The Communist leader, Pfordt, had finished his speech when, almost suddenly, the meeting was confronted with a Catholic priest standing there on the platform in a frame of red bunting, and with the great clenched fist of Labour hanging above his head. For a moment the meeting seemed unfriendly. "You are surprised to see me here, my friends," said the priest, who was fat and benevolent and comic, and spoke with an upper Rhenish accent, "but, I ask you, where else should I go?" He was soon the success of the evening. He had been in a German Labour Camp and in a German prison; he had seen terrible things. "Keep out of that hell," he said, "for Germany is hell because one loses hope there. I am a Christian and I can't talk to those people; but you see I can talk to Communists because, for one thing, they have sense, and, for another, they care about the welfare of 'humanity.'"

There is no doubt that the large majority of the Catholic clergy in the Saar are in favour of retaining the *status quo*; it is for the votes of the laity that the battle rages, and the last few months have plainly weakened the German Front. Tactless declarations from Papen and Reich Bishop Müller have now added to the effect of the 30th of June; the latest attempt to patch up a truce between Berlin and the Vatican has just broken down. The leaders of the German Front are revealing a certain anxiety; in addition to their system of terror they are now mobilising their forces to exploit the technical preparation of the plebiscite. Curiously enough neither Max Braun, the Socialist, nor the Nazi leader Pirro, will be able to vote, since neither resided in the Saar on June 28th, 1919. On Wednesday of this week the lists of would-be voters are being posted, and it is quite certain that far too many names have been sent in; some people estimate the number of unlawful claimants at 40,000, while in the opinion of *Westland* (the best pro *status quo* publication) it is as high as 100,000. Objections can be raised from September 26th to October 26th, and a final decision by the Supreme Plebiscite Tribunal is to be made by December 17th, four weeks before the plebiscite takes place. It will not be easy to disprove thousands of claims in the short period available, and while the upper posts in the plebiscite organisation are occupied by foreigners, the eighty-three local committees are staffed by local people, and a good half of them have fallen completely into German Front hands. At first the Nazi press welcomed the Plebiscite Commission and Tribunal as saviours who would protect the Saarlanders from the abominable tyranny of the Governing Commission. But the Nazis have already fallen out with the Plebiscite Commission whose President, the Dutchman de Jongh, was compelled to publish a statement on September 12th complaining of the relations between local authorities and one political organisation. "Can he possibly have meant the German Front?" asked the puzzled German press. In the matter of political meetings the Nazis have been neatly engaging all available halls so that the Plebiscite Commission has been compelled to intervene to enforce an equitable distribution of meeting-places.

The Saar game, as played by the Nazis, is not merely one of manoeuvring and cheating; it is also a game of violence. Even if they would, their opponents could not so successfully use these methods, for they lack the tremendous organisation, and, above all, the funds so generously supplied from the Reich. And hitherto the Saar police have been almost entirely sympathetic to the German Front. Thus, on the one hand, *status quo* people sometimes get knocked down and beaten without police interference; on the other hand, there is the *Putsch* danger from Germany. There is a tendency, even in the regions of Downing Street, to regard the possibility of a Storm Troop or Labour Corps *Putsch* as a hysterical invention on the part of Mr. Knox. Mr. Knox does not suggest that there is more than a possibility of so disastrous a coup taking place; but the possibility is important, and, since the discovery of the papers he has recently submitted to the League, it cannot be denied, except in the obscure and unconvincing replies which have come from the Nazis. On September 8th, Mr. Knox sent to Geneva an illuminating letter which the Saar

authorities had been able to confiscate. It was dated July 9th, 1934, and written by Schaub, a Landesgeschäftsführer of the German Front, to Pirro, its leader. The whole press of the Saar was compelled to publish this letter on September 22nd. It made it perfectly clear that Pirro's predecessor, Spaniol, now a Staatsrat in Prussia, is in the habit of threatening to invade the Saar at the head of his 17,000 unemployed Labour Corps men. While deploring Spaniol's inexperience and folly, Schaub made the far more alarming statement that forty-eight hours after the plebiscite Hitler "will have put an end to plenty of illusions." This reads like the repudiation one would naturally fear of all Germany's promises—maintenance of the Plebiscite Tribunal till January, 1936, etc.—the moment she can announce a majority vote. One story goes that the Nazis will make a *Putsch* in time to hold the plebiscite themselves.

The history of National Socialism leaves no methods outside the bounds of possibility, and it must be difficult to refute the necessity for the vigilance upon which the Governing Commission insists. The importance of sifting and increasing the police, if only to safeguard order within the Territory, has now become increasingly urgent. Mr. Hemsley, the English Chief of Police, is in the process of enrolling some 200 people locally, and Mr. Knox has been negotiating in Geneva for policemen from abroad. The Nazi press is exploiting the situation with its accustomed vigour. Hemsley is enrolling Communists, it is announced, while an incident on September 15th brought *Trunkenheitsexzess Knoxscher Knüppelgarde* (Drunken Excesses of Knox's Truncheon Troops) and similar headlines into the newspapers of the Reich. In fact Mr. Hemsley, with twenty of his men, was watching the frontier near Homburg that night, for he had news that arms were to be smuggled in. A Nazi miner, named Anton Schulz, behaved rather like an *agent provocateur*, with inevitable results which were rapidly linked with the fact that Mr. Hemsley indiscreetly brought an empty Kirschwasser bottle into Homburg the next morning. The question of the international police is perhaps more serious, for they are already denounced as a new military occupation of the Saar. The rumour that Italians were to be imported, whether justified or not, has already had mischievous results; Italians in the Saar may inflame the most violent German chauvinism; they may, on the other hand, prove to be Nazis in disguise, for they are to come from the German-speaking areas where Hitlerist propaganda is secretly carried on.

An average estimate of the voting, should no extraordinary events intervene, is a 60 per cent. poll for Germany. It is generally agreed, however, that if the wavering Catholics could be assured that the vote next January need not constitute a permanent decision the *status quo* would probably win. The French *aide mémoire* of September 4th implies that if the *status quo* is preserved now the Sarrois will be free to bring about whatever political modifications they wish later on. This is too vague to be reassuring; many people would like the Saar population to be asked to choose its status for five years or ten, at the end of which it should be consulted again. But it would not be easy to read a temporary vote into the words of the Peace Treaty, and in no circumstances would Germany agree. Neurath's intransigent speech a fortnight ago implied a repudiation of the Treaty in the matter of buying back the Saar mines, a point on which France is determined to stand firm, though the *aide mémoire* offers to hand the mines over to the Saar should the *status quo* be maintained.

An *Einheitsfront* meeting in the Saar is a hair-raising experience. It is guarded by a handful of policemen who are sometimes seen giving the Hitler salute. All its participants are probably inscribed on a Nazi black list. Where will they be in a few months' time? But there may be unexpected developments, and the Plebiscite Commission may be able to convince people that the vote will be secret—one Catholic told me he would not be satisfied unless the voting urns were sealed up in the Saar to be counted at Geneva. But if the plebiscite should go against Germany, could she accept her defeat?

WHAT IS OUR ECONOMIC POLICY?

How self-contained does the present Government want the British economic system to become? In 1933, as compared with 1930, we had reduced the volume of our manufactured imports by one-third, and by considerably more than one-third if petrol, the one manufactured import which showed an increase, is left out of the calculation. Imports of iron and steel had been reduced by two-thirds, of cotton goods by three-quarters, and of woollen goods by more than four-fifths. Imports of machinery and of electrical goods were down by 60 per cent., of silk goods by more than 60, and of pottery and glass by more than 40 per cent. Such manufactured imports as showed relatively small decreases were nearly all of kinds which it would be practically impossible to produce at home—timber, non-ferrous metals, paper, certain chemicals, and manufactured oils. Certainly there can be no doubt about the efficacy of the tariff as a discriminative instrument for shutting out manufactured imports. Sterling depreciation and trade depression have, of course, contributed to the fall; but the effect of the tariff is made plain by the fact that over the same period net imports of food, drink and tobacco actually rose by 2 per cent. in volume, and of raw materials by 5 per cent. Total net imports were only 8 per cent. in volume below those of 1930, whereas net exports were 22 per cent. below.

Anyone who studies the detailed figures can soon convince himself that there is not much room left, if any, for a further contraction of manufactured imports. If, indeed, we took to producing oil from coal on a large scale, the largest single item could be substantially reduced. But many of our other "manufactured" imports are in effect the irreplaceable semi-finished materials of British industries; and the volume of these imports would be bound to expand if there were any large increase in British industrial production. We have carried the policy of industrial protection about as far as it can be carried without cutting off irreplaceable imports. If we want to reduce our imports further, we shall have to do it by buying less foodstuffs abroad; for our imports of raw materials are also bound to increase if domestic industrial activity expands.

This is, of course, precisely what Mr. Elliot, with the reputedly insecure support of his colleagues, is now attempting to do, hampered as he is by the one-sided bargains which the Dominion statesmen succeeded in driving with us at Ottawa. The solitary class of food imports which fell in volume between 1932 and 1933 was meat, living and dead. Imports of live animals were, of course, affected by our quarrel with the Irish Free State; but meat imports also showed a decline—the first fruits of our new policy of encouraging the domestic producer. Imports of beef and mutton showed little change; those of bacon and ham fell from twelve to ten million cwt. It is a closely related fact that meat was also the only kind of food of which the average import prices were higher in 1933 than in 1932.

Obviously Mr. Elliot is only at the beginning of what he wants to do. He wants, if Mr. Runciman and the Dominions can be overborne, to extend as drastic restrictions to other kinds of meat as he has already applied to bacon, and to develop the same policy for cheese, butter, and as many other of the more expensive food products as he can. It can be conceded at once that, if we are to restrict imports and substitute home products, it is far better to encourage the larger production of meat, butter, cheese, poultry, eggs and fruit than of cereals or of sugar-beet; for there is far more prospect of our being able to produce more of the first group than of the second at costs not much above those at which we can buy from abroad. The sugar-beet subsidy is, on all accounts, the most fantastically uneconomic device for expanding home production that it is possible to conceive. The wheat subsidy is also expensive, and is prevented from doing serious harm only by being confined within fairly narrow limits. If we are to replace agricultural

imports by home products, the commodities upon which Mr. Elliot is concentrating his attention are the right ones to select, even if his method of subsidising the home producer is quite unnecessarily costly to the consumer, as we think it is.

But how far is this policy to be pushed? According to the Board of Trade estimate, our invisible exports in 1933 were just about enough to enable us to pay for the excess of visible imports, without allowing any margin for new investment overseas. But clearly the total imports of 1933 were not enough to afford our people a reasonable standard of life, and would need to be largely exceeded if the unemployed were absorbed in industry and wages rose by even as little as 5 per cent. all round. It is true that any recovery in world trade would be likely to bring with it an expansion of our exports, both visible and invisible. But how much expansion? Would our exports expand enough to enable us to buy the increased quantities of goods that we should desire to import? Our tariff has shown how easily manufactured imports can be shut out; and our exports, apart from coal, are mainly manufactures exposed to the protective measures adopted by overseas countries. Could we expect, even if world economic activity returned to a generally satisfactory level, that our exports would increase enough to enable us to finance the demand for imports which would be needed to maintain a satisfactory standard of living?

The case for Mr. Elliot's policy, though not necessarily for his way of applying it, is that no sufficient expansion of exports is to be expected. The cotton trade is still by far our largest exporting industry, accounting even in its present depressed condition for nearly twice the value of coal exports, which come second, and about twice that of iron and steel, which come third. But no one can suggest that the biggest recovery that it is possible to hope for will give back to the cotton industry more than a fraction of its lost markets. Coal, too, faces intensified competition and growing fuel economy and use of other sources of power. The iron and steel trades, busy behind their protective tariff in occupying the home market, cannot expect both to shut out foreign imports and to experience no reaction on their foreign sales; for the excluded products of Belgium, Germany and France are bound to seek other outlets. Exports of machinery, which occupies the fifth place, are more expansible; but the woollen industry, which has kept up its exports relatively well so far, can hardly look for a big increase in face of high protective tariffs.

There is, no doubt, a greater opportunity for the expansion of exports in many of the categories farther down the list, such as vehicles, non-ferrous metal goods, chemical products, and clothing; but it would need an enormous expansion in these groups to finance any substantial expansion in our imports of foodstuffs. Retained imports of food and drink alone cost us in 1933 nearly £40,000,000 more than we received for all our manufactured exports together. Moreover, if we had bought and sold the same quantities of these things at the prices of 1930 the excess of costs over receipts would have been no less than £114,000,000.

This is the long-run case for increasing domestic food production. Unless the prices of the foodstuffs which we buy had fallen a great deal more than the prices of the manufactures which we sell we could not have afforded to import the quantities of goods we brought in last year—much less the quantities required to give our population, unemployed as well as employed, a tolerable standard of living. If, as we look forward into the future, we must expect the prices of imports to rise more than those of exports, and must at the same time feel very doubtful of our ability to restore the volume of exports to a satisfactory level, are we not driven to the conclusion that we must produce more foodstuffs at home?

If this meant an actual decrease of food imports, it would be an exceedingly serious matter. Great Britain has been, and still is, the world's greatest market for imported foodstuffs. Largely in reliance on this market, huge masses of capital—chiefly British-owned—and of labour have been embarked in the development of agricultural resources in the British Dominions, in Denmark, in Argentina, and in a number of other countries. If Great Britain pays these countries less for their exports, their power to buy her exports is bound seriously to fall, and the return on British capital invested overseas to be seriously affected. We are, indeed, at present averting this calamity by the singular method, under Mr. Elliot's schemes, of almost deliberately forcing up the prices of our imports against ourselves. But this is no solution; for, apart from its reactions on the British consumer—seen so far most clearly in the case of bacon—it manifestly decreases our ability to buy. We certainly cannot afford, in the present condition of our export trades, to pay more for our imports than we are compelled to pay.

If, however, our new policy means not a decrease in imports of foodstuffs but a larger home supply in order to make possible an equivalent increase in consumption the objections are far less serious. There is bound, no doubt, to be, even in these circumstances, a change in the nature of our imports, though not in their total amount; we shall want to buy more of the foodstuffs we cannot produce, such as tropical fruits, and less of those of which we can most economically increase our domestic output. But there is no reason why changes of this order should, except for temporary dislocations, cause any decrease in our power to sell exports. There is, however, a strong case for making such changes carefully and gradually, in order to reduce the dislocation to the minimum, and ease the transition in those exporting countries of whose products we are likely to demand less in future. Moreover, the only basis upon which such a policy can be justified at all is that its effect shall be not to decrease total imports, but to expand consumption. It therefore involves as its correlative a systematic policy of domestic expansion in industry as well as agriculture, and a definite turning of the back upon every sort of deflation.

Under these conditions, the case for expanding British production of those types of foodstuff in which the home producer possesses an advantage of quality, and is at the least disadvantage in respect of costs, seems to be unanswerable. But, as Sir Daniel Hall wisely told the British Association, we must not expect such a policy to result in sending the unemployed back to the land; for if we are to produce more food we must do so in the most economical way, which is likely to involve less rather than more labour. Again, we must beware of applying quota policies which will result in shutting out imports only at the cost of raising their prices, and thus making the consumers pay far more for their food than accrues to the British farmer. The most effective way of ensuring that this should not happen would be to establish Marketing Boards to handle both the home and the imported supply; or, if we will not do this, to apply the method of the wheat subsidy—at present barred by the Ottawa and other trading agreements. The quota is emphatically the wrong method, both because it is the most expensive to the consumer, and because it is obviously designed to limit imports, and not to expand total consumption.

To sum up, we have since 1931 cut our imports of manufactures to the bone. We have, despite the depression, imported as large a quantity of foodstuffs as ever, and our imports of materials, after a contraction, have grown, as they are bound to grow, step by step with the expansion of home industrial activity. We can, under present conditions, finance our present level of imports only because their prices are low in relation to those of our exports; and there is no reasonable prospect of such an expansion of exports as would enable us to buy the imports we should need in order to provide for full employment and use of our productive resources, unless we met a large part of the additional demand for foodstuffs by means of domestic production. This constitutes a strong case for expanding agricultural import, but only on three important conditions—first, that the cost to the domestic consumer is kept down to the minimum; secondly, that the policy is applied gradually and carefully so as to reduce dislocation in the exporting countries; and thirdly, that the increased home

output is so used as not to reduce the total volume of imports—with inevitably disastrous reactions in visible and invisible exports—but to expand domestic consumption.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. R. J. Seacome.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

As I see it, there will be two results of the bickering which attends international sporting contests. First, the man-in-the-street is fast losing all interest in these events, and thus they will become valueless.

Second, if the nations cannot compete without these displays of rank bad sportsmanship, how can they be expected to conduct their wars with any regard to the "rules of the game"?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

Wanted, strong-minded Boy of four to spend winter in Seaside Village with advertiser's strong-minded boy of four.—Advert. in *Times.*

During the year the National Executive Committee has declared the British Union of Fascists to be a political party ineligible for affiliation to the Labour Party.—*Labour Party Report*, 1934.

£20,000. Required immediately for unprecedented spectacular, sensational Peace Play in the widest psychological appeal ever made in history of theatre. Author also has created artistic World Peace Flag which cleverly unites all the fighting flags of the world. This flag is easily the most artistic, scientific, philosophic and religious cohesive symbol yet created in history of civilisation, with possibilities of enormous profits.—*Financial Times.*

I am awfully keen on the next life. I think it will be wonderful. Pearly gates and golden streets do not repulse me.—Rev. John Bevan in the *Christian World.*

From experience and observation, I have come to the conclusion that in some mysterious way plants recognise the efforts one makes for their welfare and that they reciprocate these efforts.

It would be interesting to hear the opinions of others on this point, and also their explanations—if any be possible.—Letter in *Daily Express.*

He was called to face his Maker while he was actually robbing God Himself. It seems that the powers that be had ordained that he should end his life on this earth in the way in which he had been conducting it since 1901. Dr. P. B. Skeels, the Essex Coroner, made this comment yesterday at the inquest on a man whose charred body was found in the burnt-out ruins of the Catholic Church of St. Edmund of Canterbury.—*Daily Herald.*

Mrs. Massey learned to love Queen Alexandra and all her gracious ways. It is one of her treasured memories that on a certain occasion Queen Alexandra and she bumped heads together, "none too gently, when we stooped to pick up a brush I had dropped."—*Liverpool Post.*

Bourne, Lincs. The town was the birthplace of Hereward the Wake, the great Lord Burghley, Sir Everard Digby (of Gunpowder Plot fame), and the late Mr. C. F. Worth, the celebrated Paris dress-designer.—*Radio Times.*

TIPS

IT is announced on good authority that employees in hotels and restaurants who receive tips receive on an average £3 a week each from this source. One newspaper says "only £3 a week," as though the poor waiter deserved our sympathy. There is many a Scrooge, however, who, on reading the figure, will exclaim bitterly on the iniquity of a man's claiming the right to gratuities for work for which he is already well paid. After all, the Harley Street surgeon does not expect a tip after he has operated on you for appendicitis: as a reasonable man, he is content with his fee. The barrister who has defended you through a prolonged libel action does not scowl at you if you give him the exact sum agreed upon and not a penny more. Your tailor is as happy as a lark if you pay him the amount specified in the bill within six months with no ten per cent. extra. The bourgeoisie are often denounced in these days as a class preoccupied with money-getting, hot in pursuit of the uttermost farthing; but in this matter at least, it must be conceded, they give a shining example to large sections of the working-classes.

Many members of the bourgeoisie are acutely conscious of this difference between themselves and waiters. They would like to see the tipping system abolished—in the interests of the waiters. It is degrading, they say, lowers human dignity, and undermines the character. They object to it for the same reason for which they object to the dole. The amount of thought some people give to ways and means of preventing the undermining of the character of the working-classes is astonishing. A gentleman wrote to a great newspaper the other day, with the tears almost visible in his eyes, pleading with the Government to do something about the curse of the dole. He told how it was his custom to give lifts in his motor-car to out-of-work men tramping the roads and how they all agreed with him that they would have been able to get work if so many other people were not receiving the dole, apparently at the expense of their strength of character. "On behalf of my workless companions," he concluded fervently—I quote from memory—"I appeal to the Government to reduce the dole wherever and whenever possible." Philanthropy so flaming puts one in mind of Wilberforce, and I am sure thousands of the gentleman's workless companions will bless him for it. Others of them, however, will have a lingering doubt whether it is worse to have one's character or one's digestive system undermined. The dole, no doubt, is degrading, but they have a suspicion at the back of their minds that to a man with a family the receipt of no dole may be more degrading still. After all, many admirable people in century after century have lived and brought up their families on unearned money and yet have preserved at least the outward appearance of human dignity. Unearned money may be degrading, but how many ever refused it?

Even so, I fancy the tipping system is doomed. For one thing, temperance is spreading, and, according to the newly published survey of London labour, temperate men and women are all but total abstainers from tipping. We are told that the tips given in unlicensed hotels are on a fifty-per-cent. lower scale than the tips given in licensed hotels, and that some of the guests in unlicensed hotels leave without giving any tips at all. I suspected this some time ago when I spent a week in an unlicensed hotel, for, when I read the printed notice on my bedroom wall about the hours of meals and so forth, I found a sentence written in ink at the bottom of it: "Gratuities to hotel servants are not included in the bill." I thought to myself at the time: "The guests at this hotel must have been sparing with their tips." That sentence, so unusual in an English hotel, read like a chastisement of departed misers. Had the staff revolted, I wondered, and compelled the management to inscribe it below their notices? Or had some despairing chambermaid written it on her own initiative? On reflection, I doubted whether either the management or the chambermaid had the right to confront me with so obvious a demand for money supposed to be voluntarily given. Apart from this, might not these temperate people be right in treating waiters and chambermaids as godlike human beings above a bribe instead of regarding them as human moneyboxes? After all, the guest at a licensed hotel—the intemperate man, as he might be called—tips purely out of self-indulgence without the slightest consideration of the effect his tip may have on the object of his extremely superficial benevolence. He tips because it is easier to tip than not to tip. He has the courage neither to abstain from tipping nor to admit to himself that his motive in tipping is mainly selfish. I know that I myself tip largely from cowardice. I like many waiters—most waiters, indeed—but, even when I

loathe a waiter, who has spilt soup over my sleeve and not brought me the red-currant jelly till I have finished the mutton, I tip him just the same. I sometimes say to myself, "This man doesn't deserve a tip," but my heroism stops there. Either one is born a tipster or one isn't.

The guest at the unlicensed hotel—the temperate man, as he may be called—has more backbone. He, too, knows that it is easier to tip than not to tip, just as it is easier to drink than not to drink, but he chooses the more difficult way. He is as little afraid of a waiter as I am of a tortoiseshell butterfly. He knows that he could obtain a glow of lordly complacency by slipping a paper note into the hand of a fellow mortal, but, even at the price of missing the glow, he prefers to treat the waiter as an equal and a comrade with none of this furtive money-slipping business. After the boots has arranged the luggage behind the car, the temperate man can put as much benevolence into his "Good-bye" as you or I could put into two half-crowns. And, as he drives away, he is haunted by no dread that he is followed by the curses of a chambermaid. He has preserved his own dignity and that of the hotel staff, and may be forgiven for feeling deeply satisfied.

I, on the other hand, when I think that I have not given sufficient tips, feel remorse for days afterwards. I suffer exactly as when I am tortured by my conscience. I feel the waiter's eye on me though he may be three hundred miles away. I almost convince myself that ever since I left him he has been thinking and talking of only one thing—me and my miserly tips. There is a hotel in Paris to which I shall never dare to return because when I left I undertipped the staff. This was due to a mistaken notion that tips were included in the bill. Believing this, I gave extra tips to everybody, but how mean they seemed compared with the tips ordinarily given in such a non-inclusive hotel. I should like to be able to think that the pangs that shot through me on discovering the truth when I was throwing away the bill afterwards were due to a sensitive sympathy with a waiter, a boots and a chambermaid whom I had virtually robbed. But they were due to nothing of the sort. They were pangs of egotism—an egotism that cannot bear to have earned the bad opinion of a waiter, a boots, and a chambermaid.

It may be thought that, if the system of tipping is associated with such miseries, I should be one of the first to welcome its abolition. And, in fact, I should. At the same time, I do not much care for the common Continental method of abolishing tips and then adding tips to the bill. This is said to be more consonant with the self-respect of waiters than the English method, but I cannot follow the reasoning. I cannot see how a waiter preserves his self-respect more effectively by compelling me to give him a shilling than by accepting a shilling which I give him—apparently, at least—of my own volition. You cannot make a degrading custom honourable by making it compulsory. My chief objection to the custom of adding 10 per cent. for service to the bill is that it makes the waiters in à la carte restaurants want you to eat too much. I once went into a restaurant in Rome and ordered as a first course a dish warmly recommended by the waiter. It was a sort of macaroni dish, and, by the time I had got to the end of it, I could eat no more. The waiter, thinking of his wretched 10 per cent., growled like an angry lion when he found that I wanted nothing more except coffee. He stood in dark corners and scowled at me as though I were wasting his table. I should have liked to call him over and assure him that I was going to leave him an extra tip adequate for a four-course meal, but I was afraid of wounding his self-respect. I slid the tip secretly under the plate and left him still scowling.

My own feeling is that, outside Russia and Utopia, the best solution of the tipping problem would be that the tip should be paid not at the end but at the beginning of the meal. In such circumstances, anyone who was willing to pay the price could be sure of obtaining that inestimable blessing—a waiter's approving smile.

Y. Y.

CAN THE SMALL FARMER SURVIVE?

AGRICULTURE, having escaped the Industrial Revolution, is now in the midst of a revolution of its own. The inventors and scientists who have embarrassed our economic system with such a plenitude of cheap goods have now turned their attention to agriculture, with the result that although in 1934 we had a bigger acreage of crops and maintained more cattle and more pigs than in 1933 yet 27,800 fewer workers on the land could find employment. It is difficult to conceive any other important reason for this except that the use of machinery and the closer attention to the organisation of labour on the farm is enabling the agriculturist to effect those same "economies" as the modern factory owner.

One of the most illuminating documents about farming that is now regularly published is the annual review by three Cambridge economists of the fortunes of over 1,000 farms in East Anglia. (*An Economic Survey of Agriculture in the Eastern Counties of England*, School of Agriculture, Cambridge, 2*s*. 6*d*. post 3*d*.). The 1933 survey gives details of some of the most successful farms, and the one common factor of success in all of them is the "factory" frame of mind in which the occupiers have tackled their problems. So it is that all these farms have a comparatively quick turnover of capital, a high output per £100 spent on labour, and make the fullest use of their by-products. The Industrial Revolution brought the cottage weavers and their looms under the all-embracing roof of the factory. The land cannot be picked up and put under a factory roof, but it has just begun to dawn upon us that that is no reason why the farm itself should not be regarded as an outdoor factory. The only thing that has to be worked out is the economic size of a farm-factory unit.

It is becoming evident how deep-reaching these changes may be. Has the small man in farming any better chance of surviving this change than the small weaver? He has certain things in his favour. He can still produce more per acre from his 20 acre holding than the large farm. He is dealing with animate things that repay, to some extent, the careful detailed attention the small man gives them. "It is the eye of the master that fatteneth the ox." And yet, after being the staunchest believer in "small holdings" since the war returned me to the land, I am beginning for the first time to have doubts.

Not far from me a market gardener is growing brussels sprouts for consumption in the neighbouring town. An excellent small holder's crop. With other vegetables, a few chickens and a pig or so, two acres are about all he can manage. He finds it none too easy to obtain a market for such a small quantity, and drought or frost may spoil the crop so much that it becomes a total loss. A few miles farther on a farmer occupying about 1,500 acres has just put in 300 acres of brussels sprouts. The implements used for his other agricultural operations prepare the soil for him, the farm lorry he already possesses takes them to the market. If the crop fails for human consumption purposes, he can feed it to his live stock. Or he can market only the best, grade it carefully and consume the remainder on his farm. His large supplies of level, graded sprouts find a far readier market than those from the poor little two acres of my neighbour. Or take another man, also a concrete instance. He keeps poultry intensively on about five acres of land and has just gone bankrupt. He had good contracts for his eggs, but the land would not stand this excessive concentration upon its surface. It became sour and "poultry sick"; many birds died, others began to lay badly, and, in addition, he expected too much money from this tiny holding. But a farmer almost next door who gives less care to his poultry flock, and is probably far less skilled, is producing eggs profitably. For this flock, no larger than the small man's, range over 500 acres instead of five. Their manure is unconcentrated enough to benefit the land for other crops instead of souring it; in the cornfields the birds pick up the grain fallen from the ears and left behind at harvest time. With

both birds and land he makes Nature his ally instead of breaking the limits she imposes.

A hundred miles away in the Vale of Evesham it is the same story. There I met this summer a market gardener with a 20 acre holding. He told me that formerly this holding employed commercially ten men, half a man per acre. The coming of the roto-tiller, that cultivates his land by power, has reduced the economic size of his staff to six men, and he also said that now 100 acres would be a more economic unit to manage than 20 acres.

In the Thames valley Mr. F. A. Secrett, prince of market gardeners, is producing, I believe, something like 400 acres in all of horticultural crops. Among other things, he has a rain-making machine for them on one of his farms. It is no mere garden hose and sprinkler. An oil engine taps an underground river and distributes it to stand pipes round the farm. To these stand pipes portable metal pipes can be attached to straddle the fields. They are punched with holes and spray the water upon the crops. But back at the engine, a special device mixes air with water to give it some of the properties of real rain. The quantity of air used is adjustable, and it can be used to make anything from a downpour of an inch in a few hours to a light Scotch (or should one say Surrey?) mist, that lies as lightly on his lettuces as dew. Not content with this, Mr. Secrett has added another device that mixes small quantities of nitrate of soda with the water to feed the crop as well and give it the ammonia in real rain. So, in summer, when the fields are parched and Covent Garden is crying out for fresh good lettuce, Mr. Secrett's rain-making plant, costing well into four figures, provides them. Can the small man compete with this sort of thing, or, even if he could afford the outlay, find it a commercial proposition on his limited acreage? I do not think he has a hope in this particular instance.

On a ten acre plot of land, surrounded by the unlovely bricks and mortar of Hounslow, £16,000 worth of garden produce is being produced annually by French Gardening. The wages bill is £320 per acre, and every year 400 tons of stable manure are laid on each acre to make hot beds for the frames. This is also the work of Mr. Secrett. Here at least, you will say, is a chance for the small man. Sixteen hundred pounds per acre surely gives him sufficient scope. But this is what Mr. Secrett said to me: "I can run this plot successfully only because of my other farms. To get the manure in sufficient quantities at the season of the year I want it I must make contracts for all the year round and use the remainder here. At certain seasons, on a particular day sometimes, I need a sudden concentration of labour that I could not obtain unless I had other farms from which to draw it. Transport would offer almost insuperable difficulties unless my other operations provided me with transport I can use all the year round."

And there it is. These illustrations, all chosen from lines of agriculture specially in the small man's favour, will show how the big man is challenging him. They open up problems we have not yet attempted to face. Are we to mix sociology with economics and subsidise the small man—there are a dozen different ways of doing it—because of the many benefits that arise from a small cultivator with his feet independently planted in his own soil? Or are we to try to combine the advantages of small and large holdings by group settlement in some form or another? Or are we just to let things go and take their course, as we did with the factories? And what are the sociological benefits? The provision of good cannon fodder and policemen, a healthier population, more men employed, or more contented people? Cannon fodder and policemen constitute a poor ideal for a "back to the land" campaign; most towns are now healthier places than most villages; if we want to settle unemployment by settling people on the land for the sake of giving them work, it would be simpler to go back to the sickle and the scythe. There remains the question of contentment, and the full life that agriculture gives its votaries. Granted the joy of growing things, which every gardener in the smallest suburban plot understands; granted the satisfaction of a job well done and the delights of independent ownership—granted all these things—I wonder if the crowning gifts of science and civilisation will for ever leave mankind contented with the never-ending drudgery of the 20 acre holding when a different arrangement might make anyhow sixteen out of every twenty-four hours his own.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

"A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE"

(The M'Clung-Allen duel was reported in the TIMES *of October 2nd, 1834.)*

NEWS has come from Mississippi of a bloodthirsty affray
(I have read the horrid details with incredulous dismay),
When political dissensions, from some vital interest sprung,
Caused the death of General Allen at the hands of A. M'Clung.

Honour too was called in question, for it seems M'Clung made use,
"In a moment of excitement," of regrettable abuse;
Hence, that Allen's wounded feelings might have proper satisfaction,
Each man brought four loaded pistols and a "bowie" into action.

Duellists no doubt would argue, though the injured party died,
That all niceties of honour had been duly satisfied;
Yet one cannot help surmising that a more enlightened State
Would exclude the use of murder in political debate.

* * *

I was moralising further when the headline stopped my flow:
"Extract from this morning's paper of a hundred years ago. . . ."
Will *our* talk of national honour, only to be saved by war,
Seem as bizarre when reprinted in two thousand thirty-four?

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—In your last issue you expose for discussion the attitude of Sir Stafford Cripps on the subject of prolonging Parliament without an election. You say that I have misrepresented him in my book. I should be sorry if that were so, but I do not believe it to be true. You have not quoted a single phrase of mine to justify your statement. Therefore let Sir Stafford's own words be his defence:

> Unless during the first five years (that is of a Labour Government) so great a degree of change has been accomplished as to deprive capitalism of its power, it is unlikely that a Socialist Party will be able to maintain its position of control without adopting some exceptional means such as the prolongation of the life of Parliament for a further term without an election.

To this I answer in my book:

> But why is it unlikely that a Socialist Party will be able to maintain its position of control? Sir Stafford, according to his own assumption, would have already convinced a clear majority of the voters in the country, and would have been in office performing magnificent feats on their behalf for five years. Why, then, be afraid once more to appeal to the country in a perfectly constitutional manner?

There is, in fact, no question whatever but that Sir Stafford has foreshadowed under certain circumstances what you yourself call "some such unjustifiable method as a prolongation of Parliament." I have answered first that the circumstances envisaged do not justify a threat of unconstitutional procedure, and secondly that as a matter of principle it would be fatal for Socialists to violate Democracy.

Whether "we deprive capitalism of its power" in five years (a phrase requiring exact definition), or only deprive it of two-thirds of its power, the question of principle will remain. To those of us who realise how great an opportunity is now offered

to the Labour Movement, and who wish at one and the same time to preserve Democracy and apply a bold Socialist programme, it seems imperative that under no circumstances whatever should Socialists take the initiative in hinting at unconstitutional methods. If we do so, we provide the opponents of Socialism with an excuse for believing that what is legitimate for us is legitimate for them.

It is not by stirring up fear that we shall win the active support of the many millions of electors who have yet to be converted to Socialism. Consider in this connection the phrase on the wrapper of Mr. Mitchison's valuable new book, which is blessed by Sir Stafford Cripps. . . . "The book that tells Socialists precisely what to hope for, and anti-Socialists precisely what to fear!" I cannot think of a more repulsive method of propaganda for a great ideal than to teach modern Socialism to the unconverted in terms of what they must *fear*. Why should we not win them by the merits of our programme, and by giving them the confidence that here at last is a political party which takes its proposals seriously and intends to stick to them, whether as a minority or majority Government, but always by constitutional means and with a respect for Democracy? Having once experienced the leadership of a Government acting in such a manner the electors will return it to power to complete its work in successive elections.

Hurtwood House, ALLEN OF HURTWOOD
Albury, Guildford.

["Critic" quite justly accused Lord Allen of misrepresenting Sir Stafford Cripps by reversing the point of the quotation given above. The plain meaning of the words in that quotation is that, unless a Labour Government in its first five years carried out a really substantial measure of Socialism, it would lose the confidence of the electorate and could, therefore, only keep control by unconstitutional methods. That is not a plea for the use of unconstitutional methods. It is a plea for avoiding any such temptation by carrying out the popular mandate for a substantial measure of Socialism. Lord Allen's so-called answer does not help matters. "Sir Stafford," he says, "on his own assumption, would have already convinced a clear majority of the voters of the country and would have been in office *performing magnificent feats on their behalf for five years*." The assumption of the words we have *italicised* is precisely the opposite of that which Sir Stafford makes.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

POVERTY ON TYNESIDE

SIR,—At a time when controversy is raging over the question of Clyde *v.* Tyne as the birthplace of the sister-ship to the newly launched *Queen Mary*, is it permissible to compare the conditions prevailing in the two areas?

On Clydeside a number of warships are being built. For conditions on Tyneside, may I be allowed to quote a remarkable book, *I Was a Tramp*, by John Brown, a graduate of Ruskin College, Oxford? Mr. Brown writes of a recent visit to the Tyne area:

> I obtained a few samples of household budgets, and they made interesting reading. Here is one of a man and wife who were spending 5*s.* 7½*d.* a week on food:

	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
Flour	1	1½	Butter, ¼ lb. ..		2½
Yeast		1½	Margarine, ½ lb. ..		2
Cocoa		2	Potatoes		3
Bacon, ¼ lb. ..		6	Onions		2
Salt and pepper ..		1	Meat		11
Milk, 1 tin		5	Lard		2
Tea		9	Apples		2
Sugar, 1 lb. ..		2½	Bisto		2½
				5	7½

Mr. Brown quotes other cases of households of seven persons living on 16*s.* a week. By awarding the contract for S.S.535 to Clydeside, we are told that a saving of £300,000 will be effected. In such circumstances, would not the money be well expended by deciding in favour of the Tyne? F. M. MAITLAND

50 Perham Road, W.10.

SPORT IN RUSSIA

SIR,—Mr. Louis Fischer, in his article "Russia's Problems," makes the statement that "Russia had no sports before the Revolution." He probably refers to the modern organised sports, such as Association and Rugby football, athletics, rowing, ski-ing, speed and figure skating, ice-hockey, lawn tennis, swimming, etc. He has been misinformed. All these sports were actively pursued long before the Revolution with the support of the Imperial Government, Association football having been played since 1887. Being a more democratic form of sport it afforded recreation to tens of thousands of players, recruited from hundreds of clubs organised into the All Russian Football Union, which placed an international team in the field at the Olympic Games in 1912 at Stockholm. Gates numbered up to 20,000 spectators.

Athletics, ice-hockey, lawn-tennis, rowing, speed and figure skating and wrestling all had their international organisations, which repeatedly sent representatives to take part in competitions abroad. On the other hand, foreign competitors and teams of football and ice-hockey players very frequently visited Russia, amongst others being the English Wanderers and London University. Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart in his book, *Diary of a British Agent*, refers to this phase of Russian life. The development of sport in Russia was entirely due to the initiative and example of members of the British colony, mostly Lancashire and Yorkshire men. Cricket since 1878 and golf were also played, but were confined to members of the British and foreign colonies, a cricket league existing in St. Petersburg until the outbreak of war in 1914, when further development was stopped. The Moscow Curling Club existed since 1872.

From time immemorial, however, the Russians had their own special games and sports such as "Gorelki," "Lapta" (a form of baseball), "Babki," and, of course, horse racing and the form of trick riding called "jigitovka," universally popular amongst the Cossacks. Probably on the whole, just before the war, Russian ice-hockey players and speed and figure skaters were the best on the Continent, several of the world records being held by them.

It may be stated that the popular form of recreation amongst the peasantry was massed singing and dancing, of which they were masters. This was preferred to sports, as the very hard physical strain entailed in their work gave them all the exercise they required and left them very little surplus energy to expend on playing games. H. H. CHARNOCK

3 Molember Road,
East Molesey, Surrey.

THE HERRING RATIONALISED

SIR,—Your correspondents, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Leslie, leave me, I must confess, in an even greater state of bewilderment than before. I cannot, try though I will, complete a jig-saw puzzle that includes reduction of the number of production units, restriction of imports, elasticity of demand, expansion of consumption, protection of the consumer's interest and an increase in the national income. I have tried to find an answer by saying to myself that present restriction is necessary to ensure later expansion. But I am haunted by visions of the existing marketing schemes, which your correspondents so roundly condemn.

Mr. Leslie and Mr. Nicholson, however, reiterate their belief in a nominated Board as a means of protecting the consumer, and ask me if I have any constructive contribution to make to what they rightly describe as "this fundamental problem." The question I originally asked was whether *in the particular circumstances of the case* a nominated Board was to be preferred, in the interests of consumers; but as they have widened the issue I am prepared to meet them. They are not, of course, alone in believing that a nominated Board, or at least a Board containing a preponderant outside element, is to be preferred to a Board elected by producers. Similar views have been expressed in one form or another by leaders of the Co-operative movement, in a recent pamphlet by Mr. Phillips Price, in the Liberal press and elsewhere. Setting aside the numerous minor objections that could be advanced against this type of Board, may I state one major objection? A nominated Board will, sooner or later, and almost certainly sooner than later, come to be regarded by producers as a form of coercion. Coercion in the short run and in times of great economic distress may be a possible or even a desirable policy. In the long run, and with industries embracing many thousands of small producers, coercion, whether real or imagined, is almost certain to break down in a democratic community.

Even though I accepted the possibility of regimenting large numbers of small producers, I should still question the soundness of their approach to the problem of protecting the interests of consumers. It seems to me that by considering the consumer in his limited capacity as a consumer of tinned peaches or milk or fish, they take altogether too narrow a view, and by doing so lose sight of the wood for the trees. It is difficult to see how the

interests of the consumer can be defended, as it were, piecemeal.

To say that the consumer in the wider sense is unorganised is an exaggeration. The consumer in this country is more or less co-incident with the electorate and is not only organised but, by his ultimate control over import policy, predominant. The novelty of the situation is that, for the first time, the producer is slowly becoming organised too. The problem, then, is how, in the new circumstances, the gulf between the interests of the consumer, represented by the House of Commons, and the producer is to be bridged and a long-term policy formulated; and how to ensure that that policy is carried out by individual Marketing Boards. In my view, there is no satisfactory alternative to a statutory Commission, with powers to survey and plan the whole field of food supply. Your correspondents will not ask me, I hope, to suggest the detailed relationship of such a Commission to the Government or the Boards, nor tell me that it is impossible of achievement. I think, if they will consider the matter, they will agree that it is as likely to be forthcoming, and that it is more desirable that it shall be forthcoming, than that the present policy shall be completely reversed.

Criticism of present Marketing Boards is easy to formulate and some of it is just. But it is fair to recognise that a great deal of it is based upon the gross inefficiency of wholesale and retail distribution—and indeed of the whole marketing machine, with its emphasis upon forcing on the public foodstuffs of little or no value at extortionate prices. Primary marketing is being organised, perhaps badly organised, but it is at least relevant to suggest that until the lesson that primary producers are teaching those of their critics who are engaged in other forms of distribution has been learnt, little more is likely to be done. K.

POLAND AND THE JEWS

SIR,—The letter of Mr. L. Bilmes appearing in your issue of September 29th, 1934, refers to the fears expressed by the Jewish Minority in Poland that the scrapping of the Minorities Treaties by the Polish Government would give intolerance a free hand. As a matter of fact, it is merely a formal acknowledgement of an already existing fact.

As recently as September 12th, 1934, however, the daily paper *Dilo* (published in Lwow), as an example of the continuous petty persecutions of the Ukrainians by the Polish authorities, stated that the manager of the editorial office of a Ukrainian Encyclopaedia wrote a letter to the District Post Office asking for the latest Post Office Handbook and Regulations. The letter was written in Ukrainian. The manager received the following reply dated August 25th, 1934. A.G. 32/34 :—

> The District Manager of the Post Office and Telegraphs in Lwow encloses the letter dated August 9th without consideration because it was written in non-official language.

Poland says that the rights of her minorities are protected in her constitution, but, if so, it will be seen from the above that those rights are not carried out, because freedom of language is one of the specific rights of Minorities under the Treaties.

The additional matter concerning the Autonomy of Eastern Galicia was not mentioned, but must be remembered. As a result of the Decision of the Conference of Ambassadors on March 15th, 1923, Poland was allowed to remain in occupation of Eastern Galicia only on condition that an autonomous regime was established there, and the British Government has quite recently reaffirmed its opinion that this should be carried out. Not only have the Polish Government refused to take any steps to carry out this pledge and grant autonomy to the Ukrainians, but they have actually deprived the Ukrainians of many rights which they have hitherto held. LOUISE GIBSON

Ukrainian Bureau,
27 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

JUSTICE IN KENYA

SIR,—In view of the headlines in some London newspapers I am rather loth to add a word of publicity to the sad case of Mrs. Selwyn in Kenya, but your contributor "Critic" in your issue of Sept. 29th, cannot be allowed to convey a wrong impression unchallenged.

I have, unfortunately, had to try some such cases of white men, and one of a white woman, my decision in which led to considerable, but ultimately abortive, outcry. I have, that is to say, administered justice in identical cases impartially. So much for my credentials.

"Critic" views the case of Mrs. Selwyn as an isolated case. It was not. He has, I believe, made no reference to the case *preceding* it in which Mr. Semini was murdered and Mrs. Semini outraged. Two rights do not make a wrong, but you cannot review a case like Mrs. Selwyn's without its context.

The Attorney-General, quite rightly, deprecated any idea that settlers can take the law into their own hands—it would, he said, lead to chaos. Ninety per cent. of the settlers admit it. Mr. Hemsted, until recently holding high office in Government, and now a nominated member of the Kenya Legislative Council, recently stated in Council that Government is responsible for recent lawlessness because it has had no policy; it has shirked this growing tendency to reckless disregard of all law.

It is unfair to pillory, by implication, Kenya settlers for isolated cases caused by over-wrought nerves and to ignore the real root cause of such incidents.

"Critic" did not know the result of the trial when he wrote. It is now public. Mrs. Selwyn was found guilty of manslaughter by a European jury (sometimes accused of being incapable of justice in such cases) in accordance with the summing-up of the judge. The white inhabitants of Kenya are mostly decent folk, and they are entitled to a fair deal. F. H. MELLAND

United University Club,
S.W.1.

THE INDIAN PRINCE

SIR,—After reading Mr. Hide's letter in your issue of September 15th, in reply to my article entitled "The Indian Prince," I feel that I must analyse farther the interesting points he has raised. The first point raised about official precedence from his experience as guardian-tutor to a Maharajah needs explanation. The fact is, we are both using the term "State official" in different senses. My interpretation of that word is an official in charge of a State department, while Mr. Hide apparently has understood the word "official" in its broader sense signifying any State servant, whether private or official. A Maharajah's tutor, although a State servant, is not a State official, and this was justified in Mr. Hide's case (as he admits) by his not being officially recognised in the State "Durbar" or court, so that the question of precedence shown to white officials does not arise at all in this case.

Secondly, the educative and other facilities of the "Chiefs' Colleges." Their very names strike a friend with the enormity of the insult intended—in that they revive in the foreigner memories of tomahawks and negroid tom-toms—institutions as foreign to our civilisation as a civilian or colonel will ever remain to the dignity of these ancient sovereignties. But prestige apart, as regards education the facts I have related appertain to the best (from an academic standpoint) of the five Chiefs' Colleges, where I was educated. My cousin, brought up at the Mayo College,

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Autumn Books Number

Next Week, October 13, 1934

This issue, apart from the usual features, will contain an Autumn Books Supplement with a comprehensive list of forthcoming books, selected by the literary editor, Mr. David Garnett. Among special features will be an article by D. H. Lawrence, written, we believe in the autumn of 1928 from Germany, and showing a remarkable sensitiveness to the trend of events in Germany at a time when Hitlerism, as we know it now, hardly existed. There will be a short story by H. E. Bates; other contributors will include H. W. Nevinson, Constant Lambert, Richard Church, G. M. Young, V. S. Pritchett, Peter Quennell, Gerald Barry, Flora Grierson, Raymond Mortimer, G. W. Stonier, W. J. Lawrence, and K. John.

and conversant with the other three, was opposed to my joining any of them (notorious, as he said, for their depravity and obsequiousness), and he only consented reluctantly, when pressed, to my joining the college in question which had been heading the list in the Diploma for the last seven years. How we were taught to salute every white, and " Sir " all prowling albinos, is a story too long to relate here. Indeed, I can recollect Princes carrying this glorious habit into after-life when they came to represent the " dignities " of their dynasties.

Although the ruler's education extends up to the Diploma, in many cases it hardly touches even that limit. As for the training in administration: if trying a few cases under a civil servant (whose knowledge of classics or snobbery is most likely far greater than his acquaintance with economics, politics or jurisprudence) can be called such, then certainly the future reformer obtains a smattering of penal enactments and some notion of carrying on a fast-decaying *status quo*.

My murmurs are with those of the down-trodden Indian royalties who have bled in dignity on the altar of a Procrustean Moloch. If the dignity of princehood becomes even to-day the decree of brutal superiority, then indeed have we cause to proclaim:

> And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
> That palter with us in a double sense—
> That keep the word of promise to our ear
> And break it to our hope.

A HUMBLE SERVANT OF A FALLEN ORDER

HOSPITALITY FOR GERMAN REFUGEES

SIR,—The lot of refugees from Germany who are living in this country, forbidden to earn their living here and unable for political or racial reasons to return to their own country, is becoming increasingly hard. Their savings are rapidly being exhausted and even when they still have a little money the currency restrictions make it almost impossible for them to get it out of Germany.

The German Hospitality Committee is most anxious to receive offers of hospitality, particularly in London, where a large number of people are studying to fit themselves for new occupations overseas. The offer of an empty room suitable for a married couple or two students, for an extended period, would be particularly welcome, but hospitality from a few nights upwards is of immense assistance to us in our work of helping people through an exceedingly difficult period of their lives.

8 Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3. MARY ORMEROD,
Tel.: Primrose 1480 Honorary Secretary,
German Hospitality Committee.

A CURE FOR THE THRUSH

SIR,—In your issue of September 22nd, there was a very interesting review of the book *Isaac Newton*. The reviewer speaks of the seventeenth century in England as an age of tradition in which the old and new orders lived fairly comfortably together, but the old and new orders lived on also comfortably as late as the nineteenth century. He alludes to the ingenuous credulity of Pepys and Aubrey, and of the latter writes: " Aubrey, collecting medicinal tips from the countryside, gives us the following naive cure for the Thrush: Take a living frog and hold it in a cloth, that it does not go down into the child's mouth; and put the head into the child's mouth till it is dead, and then take another frog and do the same." We know Aubrey lived in the seventeenth century, but this same practice of curing the Thrush to my knowledge lived on in the countryside in Cheshire in the nineteenth century and certainly as late as the year 1890. I remember very distinctly hearing a mother of a small child suffering with the Thrush saying to a labourer " Go to the ditch in the Long Meadow and bring two small frogs." They were at first put into a glass jar for a short time, the water being occasionally changed, then one frog had tied tightly round its legs a strip of thin white muslin. The small frog was put into the child's mouth, but held by the one end of the muslin strip. As the frog was in the mouth it sucked the substance round the child's throat and evidently an adequate cure resulted. This cure was frequently adopted in the countryside. It was also always said the child thus cured could make a croaking sound in the throat which resembles the croaking of a frog and as a child I recall hearing certain children make this sound but cannot vouch for its origin.

This method of curing the Thrush may not exist to-day, but in remote villages and hamlets there are still remaining some of the old medical remedies for curing human ills.

(Rev.) FREDERICK HANKINSON

46 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3.

Miscellany

THE USE OF TRADITION

THE death of Roger Fry has brought to my mind the fact that as an art critic he was one of the very few who was at once conservative and advanced, for he understood that in every fruitful period of art tradition and individualism go hand in hand and that the greatness of an artistic period depends on the degree to which they are happily married.

It is often a source of wonder to critics why in the great periods of Italian painting, for example, there were such numbers of exceptionally good artists but while listening to Miss Myra Hess's performance of Beethoven's C Minor pianoforte concerto at the " Proms " last week the reason of it suddenly flashed upon me. I remember the time when Miss Myra Hess played Beethoven and Mozart like a schoolgirl who had never grown up. Last week, however, she gave a performance of the C Minor concerto that was excellent and in a different class altogether to the sort of performance of this work we used to hear in London ten years and more ago. What is the reason for this great difference? It cannot be attributed merely to the fact that Miss Myra Hess is now ten years older. It would be nice to think that we improve automatically as we grow older, but experience seems to show that whatever happens automatically is always in the nature of a deterioration. Nobody and nothing—not even a clock—runs *up*, but everything, if left to itself, runs *down*; so we must ascribe Miss Myra Hess's development to a real effort made by herself.

But all the effort in the world is useless without a direction. To struggle simultaneously in every direction is to stand still; to try now this, now that, is merely to rush vainly to and fro. And this is the situation in which many artists are—rushing vainly to and fro; trying now this, now that; copying here and then there; and never arriving anywhere. The other common situation is for the artist to be under the influence of a bad tradition. The imperative need for change requires that every tradition should give place to another in due course; but this change should be a real development and a natural growth. This does not always happen because an artist of enormous personality can destroy the tradition into which he was born without re-creating a new one out of his own gifts and what he has inherited. In other words he may improve his gift for a time, but if isolated it will go bad and degenerate into mannerism—as a gift always does if not grafted on a good tradition.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century pianoforte playing had degenerated, as orchestra playing had, although there were no doubt bright exceptions. Many musicians to-day think that Wagner was chiefly responsible for the musical corruption that set in between 1870 and 1914, when individualism ran to seed and almost every performer had become a law to himself. And Wagner was certainly responsible for the temporary destruction of the sense of rhythm. In the course of writing a book on Berlioz I discovered that when Berlioz was in London in 1855 conducting for the New Philharmonic Society at the same time as Wagner was conducting for the old Philharmonic Society he heard Wagner conduct and criticised his conducting severely in a letter to Liszt saying that Wagner conducts " as Klindworth plays the piano—*sempre tempo rubato*—like dancing on a slack rope."

Now we might think that Berlioz's adverse criticism was due to jealousy—although there is abundant proof that Berlioz was absolutely without jealousy. But there is in existence, fortunately, a criticism by the Russian composer César Cui

of both Wagner and Berlioz as conductors in which Cui says that he much prefers Berlioz, especially in Beethoven, for Berlioz plays Beethoven strictly austerely and brings out the full sublimity of the music whereas Wagner is always pulling the rhythm about in a sentimental fashion.

Now this is exactly relevant to what I have been saying about the bad habits of pianists from which we used to suffer ten years ago. The playing of Beethoven in particular suffered from this habit of incessant sentimental *ritardandos*. The licence taken by musicians with the music they were playing during the latter part of the nineteenth century is unbelievable. And this licence extended to the making and the using of editions of the classics which were by no means accurate.

I understand that there are even editions of Schubert's pianoforte sonatas in existence in which there are large cuts of which the editor gives no warning.

Another matter on which there was extreme licence is the playing of cadenzas. The cadenzas written by the composers were most frequently neglected for dull rigmaroles by nineteenth century academicians or were cut out altogether, sometimes with a bar or two of the preceding music. I should like to see it become a practice to state always in the programme in the case of concertos what cadenzas the soloist is playing and I was very pleased to see a note in one of the B.B.C. programmes during the Promenade season to Mozart's concerto in G that the cadenzas to be played by the soloist (I think it was Miss Kathleen Long) that evening were by Brahms.

It is since Miss Myra Hess has come under the influence of the reaction against late nineteenth century sentimentality and slackness which, spreading from the younger musicians on the Continent, has reached England during the last ten years that she has made a great step forward as a pianist. On this occasion she combined freedom with exactness most happily and instead of that horrible adolescent finicky and tricky distortion through " expression " of the music she was playing she gave us a vital, firm, rhythmic performance in which every part fell into its proper place so that each movement had the shape of its content.

But if there has been an improvement among our instrumentalists and orchestras our singers still lag far behind because it is so long since a good tradition was dominant. If it is rare to hear an instrumentalist play in strict time, it is much rarer to hear a singer who can sing in strict time. In fact many of them seem to have no idea of time whatever. As for rhythm, well that is quite unknown and necessarily so since until you can sing in strict time you cannot sing rhythmically. The Italian *bel canto* tradition is almost lost, nearly all famous Italian singers now bawl. The best singing to-day comes from artists brought up in the tradition of the Vienna Opera.

I should like to see strict time established as an indispensable tradition in all our schools of music and for singers at the " Proms." There are other traditions which are not so desirable. For example, one night this week Mr. Joseph Hislop sang the Flower Song from *Carmen*, and before starting he shook the conductor's hand. This is to start a new tradition of no importance.

A sound living tradition is indispensable to every art if it is to flourish, because a sound tradition enables gifted artists, who are not creators of superlative genius, to do their best and to come to proper fruition. Without a good tradition a great deal of talent is wasted and comes to nothing.

W. J. TURNER

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER

THE poor painter looked enviously at the landscape.
A pale winter sun was shining ;
Gusts of wind were flurrying the trees,
Giving them each a movement of its own.
To one rhythm were swaying the leafless poplars,
To another rhythm the dark cypresses.
The black trunks of the olives stood stock still,
Lifting with firm-spread arms their tossing and quivering leaves,
While through them, as through sea-waves, light and shadow and colour raced.
Gleaming and darkling the ilex foliage shook with quick petulant spasms,
Tranquil and turbulent by turns.
The russet last-year's leaves of the oaks heaved unceasingly,
While near-by the shrubs and grasses trembled in the ruffling wind.
The poor painter looked with delight at the living landscape,
Then shut up his dead paint-box with a sigh.

R. C. TREVELYAN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mr. Cochran's Revue

It is the fashion to praise Mr. Cochran ; but since the fashion is a good one, and since, with the production of *Streamline* at the Palace Theatre, this notable showman becomes twenty-one revues old, we are happy to remark what a very spry and spirited age he has just attained. *Streamline* has an irresistible (if familiar) air of being Mr. Cochran's Very Best Yet. So, we suspiciously recall, has almost every revue presented by Mr. Cochran since Delysia and Morton took the town in *Odds and Ends* twenty years ago. Can it be true that Mr. Cochran's revues get better and better every time ? Or is it an illusion due, like the illusion of progress, to an effective process of adaptation ? This much at least is certain : that Mr. Cochran understands the Art of Dazzling as it is understood by no other manager in the West End. When he engages Mr. A. P. Herbert and Mr. Ronald Jeans to write his book, or Miss Florence Desmond to lead his stars, or Chercot to repeat his delicious pantomimic goalkeeping act, it is far more dazzling than when any other manager does exactly the same thing. We know, when we enter his theatre, that the entertainment will be as good as a circus (which circuses, by the way, very rarely are). We know that when all is over, we shall stagger out of his theatre winded and overwhelmed. This would be a dangerous beginning for most managers, but for Mr. Cochran it is auspicious. As the Host says of Master Fenton, " He will carry it, he will carry it, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry it."

So, in *Streamline*, Mr. Cochran carries it victoriously, from the opening contrast between those two enemies of the theatre, bear-baiting and the cinema, to the concluding act of homage, deliriously paid, to this Age of Speed. Of the pleasures offered on the way, it is hard to choose between Mr. Herbert's charming and complete skit on Gilbert-and-Sullivan ; Miss Desmond's impersonation (with microphone) of the first mother to fly to the North Pole with her baby ; the superb and superbly lit figure of La Jana, dancing a Spanish dance in a setting unsurpassed by M. Balieff himself (this setting was designed by Mr. Edward Wolfe) ; a lively summary of chorus-girls through the ages, suggesting that the more they take off the less accessible they become ; the period cameos of Miss Desmond ; the versatile characterisations of Mr. Heslop ; the gallery-capsizing revolutions of Miss June Hart. The girls are pretty, the words are witty, and the whole is overlaid with coat after coat of style. The besetting virtue of Mr. Cochran's revues is that they are never an offence to the eye ; and although, if there is one thing that the revue-going public does not mind more than another, it is lack of taste, this virtue does, in the end, reap its commercial reward.

"As You Desire Me"

It is just over a year since Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson electrified her admirers anew with her performance in this Pirandello tragi-comedy at the Gate Theatre. Now at the Royalty she repeats her success, this time under her own management. " Repeats " is the only just word for the performance. The cardinal weakness remains, for she is still unable to present the graceless voluptuary of the first act with anything like conviction. How could such a self-analytical intelligence as Elma's have become or remained subordinate to the prattling sensationalist Carl Salter ? Miss Forbes-Robertson cannot supply an answer, and not all the odour of frankincense which is wafted across the choking stalls can authenticate the atmosphere of hysterical debauchery on which Salter thrives. You may object that the plot itself is too fantastic to allow authentication. But realism is Pirandello's essential

weapon. You must believe absolutely in Salter's drunken mistress if you are afterwards to believe in her fierce effort to establish another, cleaner personality for herself as the long-lost wife of Bruno Pieri. Lucia Pieri was debauched by the invaders during the war and vanished. Boffi, an artist friend of the family, believes that he has found her again in Elma, and Elma, believing again in all the things she has denied, encourages him and "returns" to the villa near Milan. Then Salter maliciously produces the real Lucia, an imbecile in Vienna, and Elma gives up the fight, knowing that the doubt, once sown, can never be destroyed. The situation gives full play to Pirandello's restless probing of human certainties. The "proofs" are duly discredited, and even Elma's frank recognition of failure is left unconvincing. Miss Forbes-Robertson's dignity, restraint and challenge in the last act are overwhelming, and the muted emotion of her final scene is beautifully conveyed. Mr. Peter Godfrey enjoys himself as Salter with a performance which is quite horribly vivid, but Mr. Kynaston Reeves as Boffi is altogether too formal and pukka for the poet who precipitates this strange imbroglio.

Ibsen at the Embassy Theatre

Every prospective stage-writer of propaganda ought to be forced to see *An Enemy of the People* in action. Not only is Ibsen's protagonist for truth and progress never a bore, but he is surrounded by six or eight characters all beautifully seen by the author as stage elements and reshuffled throughout the play with the most illuminating results. A performance in some ways brilliant and in all ways adequate is being given at the Embassy for a fortnight. Mr. Ronald Adams's Dr. Stockmann could not be bettered. He suggests a rare intelligence and bumpkin-like incredulity when faced with the wicked ways of men. Mr. Vernon Sylvaine's Mayor is justly pompous and reasonable. Most of the humour that Mr. Richard Goolden finds in Aslaksen is legitimate, and all of it pleasing.

"She Shall Have Music"

A revised version of this self-styled "musical romp" is now running at the Saville. A new song or so and several new jokes have been added, and some ill-fitting passages obliterated or remodelled. It remains an unequal show, fundamentally thin, with some good entertainment grafted on. The intelligent humour of Miss Viola Tree and Mr. Kenneth Kove and the smart humour of Mr. Reginald Purdell mix well, but in such excellent company the chorus work of the June Dancers—some of it in silk hiking-shorts—is all but inexcusable, though much applauded. There is some tuneful music and a general atmosphere of gaiety, without any hair-raising brilliance.

At the Curzon

The Slump is Over is a delightfully fresh entertainment; though like most of the better recent French films it owes everything to Clair and it is not as good as the original. Albert Préjean (from *Sous les Toits*), behind-the-scenes comedy based on the operetta in *Le Million*, even a little rat-like attendant borrowed from the same film, snatches of chorus from people in shops, squares and taxis—M. Clair has done it all inimitably. Nevertheless, there is plenty of fun at the Curzon. The pictures of an out-of-work company of actors camping in the stalls and boxes of a theatre which is "To Let," the plugging of the theme-song "La Crise est fini-uh," the lighthanded farce of indigent artists, gendarmes and concierges, are done with admirable verve and speed. The programme at the Curzon contains also two very good "shorts"—one of horses, and the other of devil dancers in Sikhim—as well, of course, as the inevitable Silly Symphony, a blizzard perfectly done in monochrome.

The Vic-Wells Ballet

The first night of the Vic-Wells Ballet season at Sadler's Wells opened last Tuesday with *Fête Polonaise*, set to Glinka's delightfully orchestrated music. The setting of this ballet is undistinguished but the costumes pleasant, and the choreography gave the *corps de ballet* opportunity to display their excellent ensemble work. *The Haunted Ballroom*, however, gave neither the soloists nor the *corps de ballet* scope to show their talents. With suitable music by Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who conducted, it is based on a commonplace ghost story that would leave a modern child unmoved; as indeed would the setting and the ghosts with their rouged lips and costumes in which their shapely limbs, plainly seen, were vibrant with life. Nor is this unhappy union enhanced by the choreography, which is quite unoriginal and inexpressive; perhaps because the choreographer had to deal seriously with situations that he did not believe in and could not feel. That the company is worthy of much better material was fully demonstrated by *Les Rendezvous*, a light and unpretentious idea, with music by Auber, charming and colourful setting and costumes by William Chappell and fresh and original choreography by Fredrick Ashton. This last gave Markova and Walter Gore scope to show individually in the variations and together in the Adagio their technical skill and artistry; and the whole company showed not only what they can do but also what they could do if given adequate opportunity by the direction. They were fortunate in having Mr. Constant Lambert as conductor.

Gilman and Picasso

Although Harold Gilman died as recently as 1919, and died young, this exhibition of his work at the Tooth Gallery seems to belong to a dead age. He himself styled it neo-realism, but what it amounts to is a sort of blurred, attenuated shadow of French impressionism, an attempt to make Van Gogh "decent." Apart from anything else one is troubled by lack of technical resource and skill, and lack of skill in a derivative artist is unpardonable: so many of the paintings in this show do not even come off; and, even if they had, there would be all too little to say for them. That Gilman was genuinely preoccupied with colour relationships is evident, and possibly, when it was painted, a picture like *Beech Wood, Gloucestershire* (13), had a certain value in a pedagogic sort of way; but posterity is interested in results, not in unsuccessful attempts. Among the paintings that do come off, one may place *An Orchard* (19), primarily an intricate flat pattern in red, green and gold, and *Dressing*, in which the artist really seems to have control over his palate. But a man who can paint *Norwegian Landscape* (21), and leave it behind him undestroyed, its embarassing lack of form being in no way compensated for by excellence of colour, stamps himself as a painter insufficiently gifted, as an amateur in the best sense of the word, who is likely to do more good in his lifetime by example than after death by the fruits of his experiments.

If one visits the Gilman exhibition, one must go before seeing the Picasso drawings at the Mayor Gallery, for the clumsiness of Gilman would seem intolerable after the easy brilliance of Picasso. Here we have the greatest virtuoso draughtsman of our time and one of the greatest of all time. People who gasped at some of the drawings in the Italian exhibition must also, if their old master gasps were genuine, do the same before Picasso. It is just as well that the public should be reminded from time to time that Picasso is a supreme draughtsman. In face of the unerring tact of drawings like Nos. 15, 18, 19 and 20, every reactionary with any honesty at all must be compelled to search his heart and wonder if perhaps less obvious things like *Tête de Femme* (5 and 12) are not great drawings too. And once this is admitted one is half-way towards complete capitulation. But even the greatest have off moments, and *Tête d'homme* (17) may fairly be taken as a lapse into something like vulgarity.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 5th—
Kutcher String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
"Faust," Sadler's Wells.
"Hyde Park Corner," Apollo Theatre.

SATURDAY, October 6th—
Lamond, Beethoven Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3. And Oct. 10th at 8.15.
Brook Green Symphony Orchestra, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Josef Hofmann, Aeolian Hall, 3.15.

SUNDAY, October 7th—
Olaf Stapledon on "Outgrowing a Great Religion" Conway Hall, 11.
"No Greater Crime," Arts Theatre.
Szigeti, Palladium, 3.15.

TUESDAY, October 9th—
W. G. Ballinger on "Hopeful Signs in South Africa," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
J. B. S. Haldane on "The Rebirth of Materialism," Conway Hall, 7.
Kenneth Lindsay on "Mussolini," Morley College, 8.
Withdraw the Sedition Bill. A meeting for women only. Speeches by Miss Winifred Holtby, Miss Phillipa Fawcett and others. Whitefields Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, 8.

THURSDAY, October 11th—
Motor Show, Olympia. Till Oct. 20th
G. K. Chesterton on "Independence in the Press," Essex Hall, 8.
L. Du Garde Peach on "Broadcasting and Entertainment," Morley College, 8.
"Vauxhall Gardens," Mercury Theatre.

Current Literature

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> . . . the prison of still homes
> Whence no one after roams
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There was also Part I of *A Week in a French Country House*, which was the tale which was being recommended to me. The *Cornhill* for March was unacccountably missing from my bound volume, so it became necessary to seek the next instalment elsewhere. The story had been published the same year by Smith Elder and the title-page informs me that it is by Adelaide Sartoris, who is perhaps better known by her maiden name of Kemble, a singer who until her marriage was famous all over Europe—for she sang at Milan as well as Covent Garden, was a pupil of Pasta, and toured with Liszt. She was six years younger than her sister, Fanny Kemble, and so she can never have seen their aunt, Mrs. Siddons, on the stage. Like Fanny she triumphed on her first appearance—but in opera, not in plays. Covent Garden was the curse of the Kembles, the white elephant which ate up the family fortunes. Fanny filled it as Juliet and Adelaide saved it when it was at its lowest ebb, as Susanna in *Figaro*. Like Fanny, Adelaide married when she was at the height of her powers and never afterwards appeared upon the stage—but unlike Fanny her marriage was a happy one. There was no exile to America; no slaves and bullying overseers to rouse her beneficent indignation; no domineering, slave-owning husband. . . . Instead of that there was the friendship and companionship of half the musicians, painters, and poets in Europe, and domestic happiness as well. Mrs. Browning wrote to Miss Mitford contrasting the two sisters:

> Mrs. Sartoris is genial and generous, her milk has had time to stand to cream in her happy family relations which poor Fanny Kemble's has not had.

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It is a story which has the freshness of a letter describing the actual visit of an English girl who has been invited to cross the Channel by an old friend of her mother's, written with extraordinary ease and humour, but its chief characteristic is life, reality. The reader feels that he also has passed several days among this odd collection of individuals and has shared Bessy Hope's embarrassments under the roof of Madame Olympe de Caradec. The characters are admirable and are introduced with the skill of a master; it is astonishing that this should be the author's only serious book. Bessy's fellow-guests seem rather tame on first acquaintance: the house-party consists of Madame Olympe's brother, Monsieur Charles, who spends his time hunting, and two painters, Monsieur Berthier who takes an hour to say the slightest thing, and Monsieur Kiowski who rushes on like a mill stream. René de Saldes, an extremely attractive cousin who always does what he pleases and is never in time for anything leaves the house shortly after her arrival. Lady Blankeney, who "is only a harmless, silly sort of little old fly" and her daughter, "a bashful, blushing, infantile old maid of nine and thirty . . . both great bores," are expected, bringing with them Ursula Hamilton, a girl who, after being brought up in Florence and threatening to go on the stage, has come into money. In her train Ursula brings M. Jacques Dessaix, a violinist, a pale, miserable-looking mortal from whom she is inseparable. At dinner this Bohemian pair sit beside one another, address each other as "thee" and "thou," and to the horror of all the spectators Monsieur Jacques helps himself to the little bits of fried bread on Ursula's plate. Madame Olympe is aghast and exclaims: "I do not know what their morals may be, but I never saw such bad manners in all my days." Luckily Bessy is able to prevent her from looking out of a window while Ursula paces up and down on the terrace smoking a cigarette with her little friend. That would have been the last straw. Ursula and Jacques are intimate friends, their relationship is charmingly described—he dependent on her for little things, while she relies on him as a father or a brother. The little violinist who scandalises the household is soon full of complaints as to his treatment, and there is an amusing passage where Ursula and Bessy find him hiding behind a door upstairs:

> "It is abominable," he said in a whisper; "they do not love me here. I have had a miserable day—I have passed it (all of it!) behind this door. Have you seen his room?" he continued indicating Monsieur Berthier's. "Have you seen how large it is—twice as large as mine? He has two jugs—a large one and a little one. I have only one small one."
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René de Saldes returns and at once the fat is in the fire: a violent antipathy shows itself between him and Ursula. De Saldes knew her when she was a girl of fifteen or sixteen in Italy: the pair avoid each other, warn Bessy against each other, and bicker angrily in public. A heated argument, during which Ursula says she loves fishing and shooting and other masculine sports, ends by her declaring:

"I must own I find virtue uncommonly difficult, and upon the whole rather tiresome;" whereupon Monsieur de Saldes insults her by saying: "Do you know this?" and picking up a copy of *Don Juan* which was lying on the table: "I believe the truth is that I absolutely loathe that woman!" he declares when she has left the room. The development of this passion to its logical conclusion need not be described: but already Ursula is recognisable as a portrait. Without the slightest doubt she is a Kemble: her education in Italy, and her singing, her acquaintance among musicians, are those of Adelaide herself, but in character and appearance she is Fanny.

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This is Fanny Kemble without a shadow of a doubt, and Ursula's passionate, noble, rather masculine and natural character is Fanny's also. So are her disputes on feminism and her saying that a woman might have written *As You Like It*. The other characters are doubtless also portraits of well-known people. M. Kiowski is Lord Leighton as a young man. I have no clue to Madame Olympe except that I gather from Lady Ritchie's introduction to the second edition that she was English, and that the tale itself was begun in an English country house. The little violinist was Dessauer, Adelaide's own faithful friend. But though the identifications are incomplete, the characters are all portraits: perhaps it is that which helps to explain their remarkable vitality. For they are just as credible and just as much alive now as when Adelaide wrote her book.

DAVID GARNETT

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Good Merchant is the first novel of a new author. The scene is a South American capital which is not named, the characters are for the most part English, and the life depicted is that led by a group of commercial men and their wives in their offices and at their country clubs. For the first half of the book the central character is a business man named Broadcloth, a man of over forty, prosperous, degenerate, shrewd, and as licentious as his position in Files Limited will allow. Whether Broadcloth, a type, began to bore Mr. Graham, or whether he was never intended to be more than a secondary character, I do not know; but for the second half of the book the central character becomes Broadcloth's young Spanish wife, Claire, who is unwittingly involved in a brief Lesbian alliance before giving birth to a child. Claire, very young, unsuspicious, and inarticulate in the double sense that she cannot really speak either Broadcloth's mental or physical language, is extremely well drawn. So also is Broadcloth: we see him on the boat coming from England, in his office, at his English country club, in bed with a prostitute, and then finally as Claire herself sees him: "slowly the realisation came to her that Broadcloth was very like one of the men in the pornographic photographs that she had been shown by her cousins." And there Broadcloth stops. He is a purely physical conception, quite soulless and mindless as drawn by Mr. Graham, and the novel without Claire would be intolerable. There is nothing touching, as there very often is about physical types, in Broadcloth. More important, there is no development in his character. Like Mr. Micawber, or indeed every Dickensian type, he leaves the book at the end exactly as he stepped into it. Claire, on the other hand, has character, moves, develops, passes through subtle graduations of emotion. And the best thing about the book is the nicely balanced contrast between Broadcloth and Claire, with all their differences of age and character and country and environment.

But the book, though well written, with intelligence, a feeling for atmosphere and some irony, is not as good as it could have been. Broadcloth is unworthy of the trouble Mr. Graham has spent on him; Claire is worth more. Mr. Graham has missed a fine opportunity of showing us, through Claire's youthful Spanish eyes, the life led by the English colony in general and Broadcloth in particular. Broadcloth, seen through Claire's eyes, would have been a far different person from the Broadcloth seen through the eyes of his creator.

Mr. Graham, I fancy, will do better than *Good Merchant*. He is a sensitive and an intelligent writer. So is Mrs. Millin; and *Three Men Die* is more or less what happens when an intelligent writer, normally dealing with quieter ideas, takes up a criminal theme. Not that there is anything violent about her book. On the contrary, she seems deliberately to have kept down its tone, and writes with a kind of conversational carelessness, almost off hand, as though she were fully aware of the perils of over-statement in a book which contains three murders without having murder as its principal theme. The story of Julia Taplin, who poisons her two husbands and then her son, is an interesting psychological study. The publishers state definitely that the book may be taken as "a sort of thriller." There seems to be no doubt, judging from a note of Mrs. Millin's, that Julia is taken from life. Not that this signifies much, since plenty of characters taken from life have never lived for even a moment on paper. And certainly Julia comes to life slowly. The conversational, anecdotal touch adopted by Mrs. Millin is no doubt deliberate, but in some curious way it makes the earlier part of the book sluggish. And having adopted that tone, Mrs. Millin is more or less forced to keep it up, and as the events in the book grow more dramatic and intense the style is hardly powerful enough to sustain them. Here, I think, is Mrs. Millin's fault. Her style is not quite strong enough; it also lacks relentlessness. The psychological relations between Julia and her two husbands, and especially between Julia and her son, seem sure enough. Taken individually, all the characters are convincing. But they are not moving; Julia especially is not moving. Nor is the final effect of the book. And it might have been extremely powerful. It is as though Mrs. Millin has been slightly intimidated by a theme which admittedly might have intimidated, say, Tolstoy. A Tolstoyan method of approach, incidentally, would have suited Mrs. Millin's theme. The relentless piling up of fact upon fact, as employed by Tolstoy in *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, might have made Julia an extremely tragic and touching figure. As it is, she rather peters out, and the book is, I think, less good than *The Sons of Mrs. Aab*.

The gist of that remark applies also to Mr. DuBose Heyward, who published, seven or eight years ago, a first-rate novel of negro life called *Porgy*. His name appears on the cover of *Peter Ashley*, but it is hard to believe that the book is the work of the same man. *Porgy*, a study of a negro beggar and the life of the negro quarter in which he lived, recalled the work of Stephen Crane with its first-hand impressions, brisk economy and authentic atmosphere. *Porgy* was rightly hailed as a piece of fine work. It showed also how richly endowed American novelists were with contemporary indigenous material—and that at a time when most American novelists were stuffy and looked to Europe for inspiration. Oddly enough, while the writers following him have looked more and more to their own time for inspiration in both style and matter, Mr. DuBose Heyward has gone back into the past. *Porgy* was contemporary, yet universal. *Peter Ashley* is historical, but provincial. The past seems very often to have a paralysing effect on novelists, who appear to feel that artificiality of style and matter must increase proportionately as they set their characters back in time. *Peter Ashley* is a story of "a young Charlestonian who believed in union and fought for secession," and it opens only seventy years ago. Yet the effect of a little history on Mr. DuBose Heyward has been disastrous. His characters have become puppets, his style flabbily archaic and verbose. The fresh, swift authentic atmosphere of *Porgy* has vanished. In short, *Peter Ashley* is as poor as *Porgy* was good—an unpleasant thing to have to remark, for it seems that Mr. DuBose Heyward has spent years of research in an effort to get "the facts" correct.

Mr. Gerhardi's novel is also in a sense a piece of history—personal history. The term "novel" is Mr. Gerhardi's own. To my mind, the book bears no relation to fiction at all, and it might

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Good Merchant is the first novel of a new author. The scene is a South American capital which is not named, the characters are for the most part English, and the life depicted is that led by a group of commercial men and their wives in their offices and at their country clubs. For the first half of the book the central character is a business man named Broadcloth, a man of over forty, prosperous, degenerate, shrewd, and as licentious as his position in Files Limited will allow. Whether Broadcloth, a type, began to bore Mr. Graham, or whether he was never intended to be more than a secondary character, I do not know; but for the second half of the book the central character becomes Broadcloth's young Spanish wife, Claire, who is unwittingly involved in a brief Lesbian alliance before giving birth to a child. Claire, very young, unsuspicious, and inarticulate in the double sense that she cannot really speak either Broadcloth's mental or physical language, is extremely well drawn. So also is Broadcloth: we see him on the boat coming from England, in his office, at his English country club, in bed with a prostitute, and then finally as Claire herself sees him: "slowly the realisation came to her that Broadcloth was very like one of the men in the pornographic photographs that she had been shown by her cousins." And there Broadcloth stops. He is a purely physical conception, quite soulless and mindless as drawn by Mr. Graham, and the novel without Claire would be intolerable. There is nothing touching, as there very often is about physical types, in Broadcloth. More important, there is no development in his character. Like Mr. Micawber, or indeed every Dickensian type, he leaves the book at the end exactly as he stepped into it. Claire, on the other hand, has character, moves, develops, passes through subtle graduations of emotion. And the best thing about the book is the nicely balanced contrast between Broadcloth and Claire, with all their differences of age and character and country and environment.

But the book, though well written, with intelligence, a feeling for atmosphere and some irony, is not as good as it could have been. Broadcloth is unworthy of the trouble Mr. Graham has spent on him; Claire is worth more. Mr. Graham has missed a fine opportunity of showing us, through Claire's youthful Spanish eyes, the life led by the English colony in general and Broadcloth in particular. Broadcloth, seen through Claire's eyes, would have been a far different person from the Broadcloth seen through the eyes of his creator.

Mr. Graham, I fancy, will do better than *Good Merchant*. He is a sensitive and an intelligent writer. So is Mrs. Millin; and *Three Men Die* is more or less what happens when an intelligent writer, normally dealing with quieter ideas, takes up a criminal theme. Not that there is anything violent about her book. On the contrary, she seems deliberately to have kept down its tone, and writes with a kind of conversational carelessness, almost off hand, as though she were fully aware of the perils of over-statement in a book which contains three murders without having murder as its principal theme. The story of Julia Taplin, who poisons her two husbands and then her son, is an interesting psychological study. The publishers state definitely that the book may be taken as "a sort of thriller." There seems to be no doubt, judging from a note of Mrs. Millin's, that Julia is taken from life. Not that this signifies much, since plenty of characters taken from life have never lived for even a moment on paper. And certainly Julia comes to life slowly. The conversational, anecdotal touch adopted by Mrs. Millin is no doubt deliberate, but in some curious way it makes the earlier part of the book sluggish. And having adopted that tone, Mrs. Millin is more or less forced to keep it up, and as the events in the book grow more dramatic and intense the style is hardly powerful enough to sustain them. Here, I think, is Mrs. Millin's fault. Her style is not quite strong enough; it also lacks relentlessness. The psychological relations between Julia and her two husbands, and especially between Julia and her son, seem sure enough. Taken individually, all the characters are convincing. But they are not moving; Julia especially is not moving. Nor is the final effect of the book. And it might have been extremely powerful. It is as though Mrs. Millin has been slightly intimidated by a theme which admittedly might have intimidated, say, Tolstoy. A Tolstoyan method of approach, incidentally, would have suited Mrs. Millin's theme. The relentless piling up of fact upon fact, as employed by Tolstoy in *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, might have made Julia an extremely tragic and touching figure. As it is, she rather peters out, and the book is, I think, less good than *The Sons of Mrs. Aab*.

The gist of that remark applies also to Mr. DuBose Heyward, who published, seven or eight years ago, a first-rate novel of negro life called *Porgy*. His name appears on the cover of *Peter Ashley*, but it is hard to believe that the book is the work of the same man. *Porgy*, a study of a negro beggar and the life of the negro quarter in which he lived, recalled the work of Stephen Crane with its first-hand impressions, brisk economy and authentic atmosphere. *Porgy* was rightly hailed as a piece of fine work. It showed also how richly endowed American novelists were with contemporary indigenous material—and that at a time when most American novelists were stuffy and looked to Europe for inspiration. Oddly enough, while the writers following him have looked more and more to their own time for inspiration in both style and matter, Mr. DuBose Heyward has gone back into the past. *Porgy* was contemporary, yet universal. *Peter Ashley* is historical, but provincial. The past seems very often to have a paralysing effect on novelists, who appear to feel that artificiality of style and matter must increase proportionately as they set their characters back in time. *Peter Ashley* is a story of "a young Charlestonian who believed in union and fought for secession," and it opens only seventy years ago. Yet the effect of a little history on Mr. DuBose Heyward has been disastrous. His characters have become puppets, his style flabbily archaic and verbose. The fresh, swift authentic atmosphere of *Porgy* has vanished. In short, *Peter Ashley* is as poor as *Porgy* was good—an unpleasant thing to have to remark, for it seems that Mr. DuBose Heyward has spent years of research in an effort to get "the facts" correct.

Mr. Gerhardi's novel is also in a sense a piece of history—personal history. The term "novel" is Mr. Gerhardi's own. To my mind, the book bears no relation to fiction at all, and it might

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have been called with some truth, "The Confessions of a Not-So-Young Man." But Mr. Gerhardi wishes it to be judged as fiction, possibly because he himself is the hero. The book is in fact meant to be a sort of satirical reminiscence. It seems to me much more like a kind of literary *minestrone*, with Mr. Gerhardi as the basis of the soup and scraps of human society floating turgidly about in it, the whole peppered by a little wit and salted by a little malice.

Alpine Rose, a love-story as thick and sweet as Swiss milk, is scarcely worthy of the attention of those who will find something interesting in the work of Mr. Graham, Mrs. Millin and Mr. DuBose Heyward. But there are soul-stirring moments in it for those who read a book in a day and forget it the next.

H. E. BATES

PERSONAL APPEARANCE ARTIST

Men Without Art. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Men Without Art is the fourth of Mr. Lewis's books dealing with contemporary civilisation and art. It belongs on the shelf with *Paleface*, *Time and Western Man* and *The Art of Being Ruled* —that is the order in which they go back. Since the first of them was written Mr. Lewis has become an essential part of the situation he attacks; he has changed the balance, like a new actor coming into a play which has been running some time; though in his case, it looks as if he had walked on from another stage altogether. There is no need for me to recapitulate the matter of his earlier books, which together make a devastating criticism of modern fashions in thought; but I should like to refer the reader back to *The Art of Being Ruled*, published in 1926, which gives, so to speak, the *position mère* from which he has operated since. We will find there, in the form of political and philosophical criticism, as full a statement of Mr. Lewis's principles as he has yet made; we will understand, too, the methods he adopts in his own satire and in his attacks on other writers. Without that knowledge, for example, the "political" analysis of Hemingway with which this new volume begins may appear strange and even beside the point.

Perhaps, in describing Mr. Lewis's critical activities, I have used the word "attack" rather too often. His point of view, remote from the ordinary critic's, is detached and non-aesthetic. This may surprise us in a writer who is himself, first and last, an artist. But, to gauge Mr. Lewis's "reality" (and his criticism, like his satire, is essentially realistic), we have only to imagine that sort of "reality" which does not come over the footlights in a theatre: the scene-shifter's point of view, the rehearsals, the paint and the arc-lamps, the empty auditorium with its sheeted stalls before a performance, the actors lounging in clubs and lodgings, the whole business of the profession—publicity, make-believe, and poring over scripts. This is the "reality" of the theatre as opposed to the illusion of the stage; and it is this sort of reality that Mr. Lewis gives us in literature. He ignores the illusion which is all the public wants of art; he reveals the method rather than the performance; if you like, he "debunks." Such activity, carried on with Mr. Lewis's vigour, must necessarily appear on the surface antagonistic; art that is at all inferior will of course lose much of its glamour in the process. And that is precisely Mr. Lewis's object; for he would argue that by these means he eliminates the bad in art (and what is bad in the good), while no amount of "debunking" can touch the really first-class artist. Flaubert's correspondence and the publication of his juvenile works have actually increased our admiration, as well as our knowledge, of a great writer; and, to take the example of a good minor novelist, Trollope, by the revelation of his working methods, has only disillusioned those whom the glamour of literature attracts more than the real worth.

Other critics have aimed at a similar realism. As a rule, though, they have been cramped by narrower methods. The psycho-analyst, the Marxian, the moralist, all may practise a criticism of literature which is non-aesthetic and perhaps valuable in its way. But for all of them art comes a bad second and must be fitted into a system which has in fact very little room for it; and each critic, of course, has his own paramount system. What they have to say may be fundamental, but it is not fundamental to art. Whereas Mr. Lewis, though he ranges over politics, philosophy and religion, is concerned first of all with the artist, the position of the artist in a community, and his effect on those about him. He shows us the *interference* of political and other motives in writings where we might least expect it—in Hemingway, Faulkner, Eliot, Henry James, for example; and he foresees the possibility (against which he is defending) of a society which will be without art. Hence the title of his book. What seems at first sight an attack on individual artists is in fact a defence of art—and incidentally, of satire, and Mr. Lewis's own art in particular.

On the one side, *Men Without Art* is a series of extended literary studies, beginning with Hemingway, Faulkner, Eliot (as a critic), and ending with Henry James and Flaubert. On the other, it is a vindication of satire, and though Mr. Lewis has many excellent things to say on this question, it is perhaps really the subject for another book.

One of his chapters has as a heading this sentence quoted from a reviewer: "Mr. Wyndham Lewis is a *personal appearance* satirist." He quotes it again; evidently it is a description that pleases him. As everyone who has read *The Childermass* or *The Apes of God* must know, Mr. Lewis revels in the outward appearance of the human animal, the contrast between sentimental fiction and visible fact, the grotesque movements and tics of personality; and he gives us the same uncomfortable view of the art object. He is on the side of the visual against the musical arts; in philosophy, he stands firm as a Berkleyan among Bergsonians. Yes, he is certainly the one "personal appearance" artist of our time. But when I first read the words I took them in another sense, equally true of Mr. Lewis. He is also, for all his philosophy of the eye and the detached mind, a writer who cannot help making a "personal appearance" on almost every page he writes. The chapter to which this remark was an epigraph is entitled "Mr. Wyndham Lewis: personal appearance artist: the theory of the external, the classical, approach in art," and earlier in the book he explains this appearance (for the sake of his more squeamish readers) by saying that "there is nothing written or painted to-day of any power which could not be brought under the head of *Satire*," and that among "fictionists deliberately dealing in satire" the only artist of significance he could find was himself. This is a personal appearance, indeed! I happen to believe that the second of his assumptions is true, and that there is no satirist living to-day who can come near him; but the generalisation about satire seems to me nonsense. The Lewis eye,

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in fact, has its blind spots—a huge area labelled Satire and Self, on which it cannot turn its basilisk glare. There is always the admirable Pierpoint outside its focus. After the brilliant and merciless chapters on Hemingway and Faulkner, it is confusing perhaps to find that Lewis does not receive the same treatment in turn. I am far from saying that these personal intrusions of Mr. Lewis are a mistake; indeed it would be impossible to imagine any book of his without them; but, in criticism at any rate, they tend to confuse and bustle his argument. *Men Without Art*, like the three preceding volumes which I have already mentioned, does not move forward in a linear argument, but rather shoots up, from every page and every line, like a field of oats. Everywhere it is alive, but properly speaking there is no beginning and no end; a conclusion, he adds, is reserved for another time. And so it will be then, after another crop of ideas has sprung up.

G. W. STONIER

STYLE AND PERSONALITY

Modern Prose Style. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

Some years ago, Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, in conjunction with Mr. Herbert Read, published an interesting and extremely stimulating anthology to illustrate the development and characteristics of English prose style. Unlike most anthologists, Mr. Read and Mr. Dobrée were not content to produce a mere florilegium, or collection of pretty pieces. They set to work with a definite end in view. Good prose, they told us, was prose that fulfilled the purpose for which it was intended; it might be "narrative," "emotive" or "scientific"; but so long as the method suited the theme, and the writer's intentions were straightforward and unmixed, even the humblest paragraph was deserving of critical scrutiny. Thus, their choice of exhibits was bold and unorthodox; here, I remember, were extracts from the *Admiralty Sailing Regulations*, from books on strategy, natural history and other volumes not usually plumbed by the anthologist's drag-net. The result was lively, though disconcerting. In the first place, the classification of English prose into three types was too rough and ready to be very helpful, while the question of "motive" seemed further to confuse the issue. What, for instance, were the precise intentions of Sir Thomas Browne? Was his greatest charm not a strenuous refusal to stick to the point?

Discussing *Modern Prose Style*, Mr. Dobrée—this time unaccompanied by Mr. Read—has attacked his subject in a somewhat different, and slightly less puritanical, manner. Whatever we read (runs his thesis), and whatever our reason for taking up a book, there is one experience that we cannot escape. Whether we are aware of it or no, we come into contact with the personality of the writer:

> We enlarge our acquaintance, and by so doing we enter farther into life, and, however little we may mean to, we enlarge our own personality, at least if the writer whose book we are reading himself possesses a personality of any value at all. Any book of which we say to ourselves when we have done with it "That is a good book" we find to be so by virtue of the personality which we have been in contact with: we say so, possibly, because we find that our own self has been affected, even though only for a while. That is an appeal to experience; yet the statement is at any rate to some extent borne out for us when we notice that any serious book about a man's writings comes to deal . . . with the man himself.

It is true, Mr. Dobrée adds, that the greater an artist's gift the less concerned will he be to display his personality, and the more intent on the thing that he is doing. "How then, it will be asked, do we come into contact with the man? The answer seems to be 'By the sound of his voice.' For whenever we read a book, although we do not read it aloud, or even consciously form the words in our minds, we are aware of a voice. It is as though someone has been speaking to us, telling us something, or working upon our feelings. It is this voice which we roughly call style. . ." And here, to prove that the conception of style outlined above is by no means new, Mr. Dobrée quotes from an Elizabethan critic, William Puttenham, who, in *The Arte of English Poesie*, defined style as "a constant and continual phrase or tenour of speaking and writing, extending to the whole tale or process of the poem or history . . . a certain contrived form or quality" such as the poet or novelist "will not, or peradventure cannot, easily alter into any other."

So far, Mr. Dobrée's analysis of modern prose style has much to recommend it; and it would be an interesting study to trace the connection between an author's voice, as it reaches us through his books, and the actual living voice as it has been recorded for our benefit by his contemporaries. Thus, the affinity between Henry James's prose mannerisms and his conversational peculiarities has often been noted. In conversation, as in literature, James made lavish use of the parenthesis and was wont to pile image upon image, qualificatory touch upon qualificatory touch, till the resultant effect was that of a labyrinth from which he alone could expect to grope his way. With apparent aimlessness, he pursued a single dominant thread. . . . Similarly, M. Jean Cocteau has observed that he finds it difficult to read Marcel Proust "au lieu de *l'entendre*," since in every sentence he is haunted by a vivid reflection of the novelist's face and gestures, by the little tricks he had of talking or smiling.

These are extreme examples of personality. If the main thesis of Mr. Dobrée's book seems a trifle unsatisfying, no doubt it is because the word "personality" admits of so many interpretations and to reconcile them is not the business of a literary critic. Mr. Eliot has preached selflessness in literature; but the self that Mr. Eliot tells us that we must give up for art's sake is not the same thing as the self whose utterance Mr. Dobrée is delighted to recognise as the basis of every decent prose style. Must we assume that there are two kinds of personality? Not the good and the bad, the valuable and the worthless, so much as the superficial and the fundamental, the inner and the outer layer. A bad artist, though supremely anxious to let us into the secret of his own fascinating and absorbing ego, never succeeds in penetrating below the surface, with the result that the picture he presents is tedious and stylised. The voice we hear is not the voice of a human being; his attempts at intimacy only make it the more impersonal. . .

It would be equally true, then, to say that good writing consisted in the expression or in the abnegation of personality. We are most ourselves when the effort to present ourselves to advantage is least acute, and most individual when we are least conscious of our own separate individuality, for it is then that we reveal our characters by implication. Besides, the egoist is usually so much concerned with matter as to be oblivious of manner; while it is a curious fact that apparently self-centred writers—

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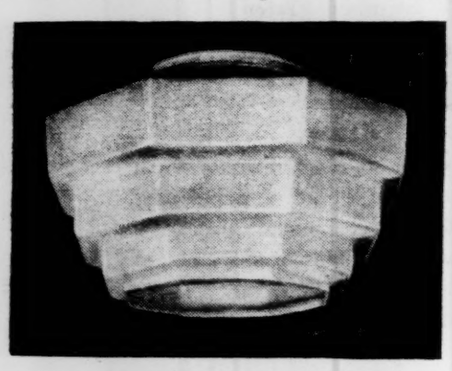

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Caesar was a stunning condottiere. . . . Lounging among his lieutenants, he was tall and sinewy, and his movements had the supple grace of a bull-fighter and the practised unction of a churchman. . . . There was power in the level eyes, the vised lips, the long square feline jaw. . . . No portrait could convey the numbing power of his beauty, that blond and baleful beauty to which no Italian was insensible. . . .

This, of course, is Caesar Borgia. After the success of his trick at Sinigaglia:—

The eyes were more terrible than ever, for they were the eyes of a man without mystery. . . . Life and death were one in those eyes, and they were filled with a wanton lust of both. . . . Machiavelli was just sick enough to feel, for a fleeting second, the voluptuous contagion of that bloodlust which, like love, is the supreme satisfaction of reaching the quick of life and transcending it. . . .

Mr. Roeder actually maintains this height through a long volume. Blood and biology are his intoxicants: when Pope Alexander and his son fall ill together, what a moment for him!

In that body [Caesar's], as raw as an infant's, there was but one impulse—the inborn will of an infant to outlive its father. . . . The old man . . . swallowed emetics like aphrodisiacs, but he was doomed. . . . Blood and lust and death, Alexander had borne all. The vital spark was spent: he had littered [!], he was exhausted. . . .

Well he might be!

Savonarola's first great sermon in Florence was a "rhetorical haemorrhage"; on his arrest—

Caught up by the many-handed mothering mob, cramped in its convulsions, like an infant crushed in the womb, he was born, after forty-five years, to humanity. Not till he had lived could he die, not till he had known the full brutality of being.

One more example, from the peroration (Mr. Roeder would say exordium) of *Aretino*.

The dung-heap had its virtues. It was the mould of life, the fertile sediment of new birth, the marrow of more and more morrows of matter and soul. . . . He nestled into it. . . . In the ruptureless rhythm of senile mating he lapsed into the even pulse of indifferent Nature and prepared for eternity.

The detail is no less remarkable than the bursts of eloquence. Alexander VI, for instance, "*weighed* two hundred pounds' *worth* of stability and order." There are pounds and pounds!

This book appears to be meant as serious history. Actually, it is a mere welter of quotations and episodes; Mr. Roeder cannot keep facts in their places, or select those which are important, or outline a situation; he is, therefore, at first tedious, and soon unreadable. To make out at all what is happening you must know already. He provides no means of telling which of his statements are authoritative, which are legendary, which are out of his own head. He has the omniscience, not merely of an inspired interpreter, but of an eye-witness: "at the battle of the Nile he was there all the while." For instance: Caterina Sforza complained to Machiavelli that she got nothing from Florence but *assurances* of its goodwill. Here is Mr. Roeder's more complete account:

The actions of his Government, she declared roundly, had always dissatisfied her; though—she relented as she looked at him—their words always pleased her. Then her face hardened. . . .

Everything is treated, if possible, in terms of bloodlust: even poor Machiavelli is compelled to share this point of view. Caesar Borgia, we are told, appealed to him as a "natural force"—a man who "could shock, conciliate, forget, and obliterate, precisely like Nature." The idea that he admired Caesar's *intelligence*, that he was pleading for *intelligent* statesmanship, does not occur. "A beautiful stratagem," said the Florentine of Caesar's *coup* at Sinigaglia: Mr. Roeder says: "For beautiful it was, as every experience that is fully understood is beautiful."

Everything, finally, is "a pose" or "mediocre," if it cannot be rendered as pure lust and blood: and Mr. Roeder proceeds, as far as possible, to vulgarise it. On *Il Cortegiano* he is almost unendurable. He is the apologist of the Yahoo.

Well, at least he quotes abundantly—if not always accurately. Latin tags are apt to be too much for him. Thus "*qui coram omnibus restitit in faciem Petri*" becomes "who flung his heart and all else in the face of Peter": and "*ita omnes qui bene sentiunt uno ore loquantur*," "so that all who feel rightly pray an hour a day."

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EVEREST

Everest 1933. By HUGH RUTTLEDGE. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 25s.

Every year 40,000 pilgrims leave the hot plains of India and ascend to Badrinath in the Kumaun Himalaya and some go beyond over the bitter passes to Mount Kailas. By their sufferings they hope to gain remission of their sins and to propitiate the gods. We find, on turning to Sir Francis Younghusband's introduction to Mr. Ruttledge's book, the English climbers described as men striving to "the whitest, purest, holiest heights of the spirit." Mr. Ruttledge more cautiously calls it "sport"; but the parallel between the Indian and the British efforts is an odd one. Faced by the inevitable and unanswerable question, Why climb Everest? we may wonder what psychological "gods" buried in the unconscious the English climbers attempt to propitiate. Perhaps all such questions are vanity and vexation.

The 1933 expedition under Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, who here relates its history, was the fourth to besiege the mountain. Everest was first "discovered" in the survey of 1852, but the sport of mountaineering was still young and it was not until 1921, when the nearer playgrounds were more or less exhausted, that the first expedition—"The Reconnaissance"—went out. In 1922 came the first assault. In 1924 Mallory and Irvine died, no one knowing if they had reached the summit. The only evidence of their progress was Odell's sight of two distant specks moving into the clouds, and the discovery of an axe by Wyn Harris on the Ruttledge expedition last year. In regard to the first, Smythe now suggests that the two figures seeming to move may have been rocks, for he himself suffered this delusion about Wyn Harris and Wager. In regard to the discovery of the axe, after weighing the evidence Mr. Ruttledge concludes that anything as precious as an axe

would never have been voluntarily abandoned by either climber; that if nevertheless it had been planted at the summit, it could not have blown down to the place where it was found. He believes that the axe marks the scene of a fatal accident which probably occurred on the descent. The surface was treacherous. It seems also that the axe was not necessarily Mallory's. It may have been Irvine's. Whether Mallory or Irvine managed to pass the formidable "second step" which halted the assault parties of 1933 is unknown.

The two steps of Everest are two bands of dark-grey limestone rock running westward across the face of the mountain. On this crucial difficulty Mr. Ruttledge must be quoted:

> Near the upper western end of the north-east arête, at the eastern foot of the final pyramid, is a great snow couloir or gully. This is crossed high up by the two dark bands of rock mentioned. At this point they are still continuous and precipitous, but slightly to the west, where they emerge on to the north face of the pyramid, they are a little broken, and it is here only that followers of Norton's route, after traversing a few hundred feet below the crest of the north-east arête and below the two steps, and after crossing the great couloir, may hope to storm the defences and ascend towards the summit.

The second step may prove unclimbable. If it could be climbed or turned, he says, the ridge beyond and the final pyramid do not look too difficult.

To the layman the fact of survival at all at such an altitude and under the wicked conditions of the Everest climate, with its sudden freezing gales and obliterating blizzards, seems a miracle. The 1933 expedition had the worst possible luck with the weather. The monsoon broke a fortnight early and frightful conditions were experienced on the precarious outward sloping ledges of the higher camps. At Camp VI the ledge was only three feet wide. But Mr. Ruttledge's strategy of gradual acclimatisation proved that the parties could dispense with oxygen, and the scientifically calculated diet for the high camps, introduced because previous—but unacclimatised—expeditions had suffered loss of appetite, was unpopular. There was a pathetic cry for strong meat and bacon and eggs. It is now suggested that oxygen should be used in the difficult periods after Camp VI. But success on Everest, as Mr. Ruttledge shows, must depend on the weather. Conditions will be bad enough even if the weather is propitious.

An enterprise such as this naturally provides its dramatic, heroic and hair-raising episodes with the strange good humour of the porters as their chorus. Longland's magnificent return with his porters through a blizzard in which, had he abandoned them, they would have bolted to certain death, Wyn Harris's terrifying glissade which stopped short at the edge of a precipice, the mad porter's belief that he was dead, and Smythe's strange feeling, when he was up high and alone, that he was accompanied by "another" to whom he actually offered food, are a few things from a book rich in human and mountaineering detail alike. Mr. Ruttledge has written with restraint and good sense and without indulging in those purple patches or that facetiousness which commonly mar such books. The photographs are superb. The supplementary chapters on botany, geology and organisation are valuable, and the medical contribution by Dr. Greene is exceptionally interesting. Some of the porters lost fingers, but otherwise no member of the expedition came back the worse for it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LE CHEF D'OEUVRE INCONNU

The Art of the Novel. By PELHAM EDGAR. *Macmillan.* 10*s.*

Women Novelists from Fanny Burney to George Eliot. By MURIEL MASEFIELD. University Extension Library, *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

The author of *The Art of the Novel* (it should be called "Notes on Some English and American Novelists") is a Professor of Literature, but one would hardly suppose it; his book raises some speculation on the intellectual scope and even the mental age of Toronto students. Is it really hopeless to talk to them of any but *English* novels, and *almost* hopeless to talk of any novelist earlier than Henry James? Are they really likely to be "repelled by the coarseness" of *Tom Jones*, and to consider the question of its morality "a labyrinth"? "The doctrine I have enunciated," says Prof. Edgar, after putting in a word for poor coarse Fielding, "may seem to err on the side of liberality"—and he proceeds to tone it down. He is distressed, as one might expect, by the predominance of sex in modern novels. "Love is by nature expan-

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sive only in hidden ways. Its highest expression is a secret thing "—or, as Miss Lavinia Spenlow put it, "it is modest and retiring, it lies in ambush, waits and waits." Therefore "there is surely," says Prof. Edgar, "some illogicality in flaunting it so extravagantly. . . . May I close a subject which tends to grow unpleasant?"

Yet this passion for reticence is purely theoretical and defensive: when he really meets (in Jane Austen) a reserved art, he calls it "shallow," and deduces a sad want of thought and feeling. "The satire of Jane Austen," he remarks, "is purely devastating: no ideal is implicit in its sneers." In the loves of Emma and Mr. Knightley he "cannot be interested." Jane Austen "never relaxed into pathos"—and then she grew so tamely conventional in middle life. "The staid authoress of *Mansfield Park* would not have repeated the satires of her youth"—her "respect for the gentry" and her "respect for religion" would have prevented her drawing another Lady Catherine or Mr. Collins. And I suppose the absence of a John Thorpe from the later books is due to her respect for the University of Oxford.

Prof. Edgar's aesthetic theory becomes a man in the habit of teaching "young gentlemen to compose English themes." Novels are, or might be, a very simple recipe: you just put in everything. Of *Wuthering Heights*, for instance, he says: "It is undoubtedly too morbid and humourless to reach the highest excellence." He wants a book which shall combine the richness of a Tolstoy with the fine-drawn exquisiteness of a Henry James: "and it *can be done*," he insists, like the man who aimed at abolishing the law of gravity. Yet he is not without an uneasy suspicion that it can't be done. "Is it possible," he asks apropos of Henry James, "that a subject may be overworked? Does life leak out when art comes in? . . . I do not like to think so." And again: "The writer of this book . . . is predisposed to attach great importance to the arrangement which covers every detail of a book, but he is compelled to admit that some of the greatest novels in the world abound in seeming carelessness." (He does not appear to observe that that settles the matter.) Pending the ideal novelist of his imagination, what, he asks, are the "essential qualities" of the novel: and (grieving they should be so few) replies, exuberance, creative energy, a "tide of life," a "diverse world of credible human beings." "The works of fiction that have weathered the ages are fortunately (!) not so numerous as by their multitude to baffle our investigation"—and from a study of them he draws those conclusions. Well—what about the *Princesse de Clèves*, with about as much vitality as would cover a sixpence, "form" in proportion, and hardly any figures at all? Yet it has weathered more ages than most novels. Fielding and Dickens are examples—not indeed the most staggering—of what the novel can *do*: and he goes to them to learn what it can do without.

Dickens is his great stumbling-block, for he is very anxious that authors should "compose more carefully," and yet Dickens admittedly spoilt his books by taking thought. Yet if Dickens's exuberance, etc., would not have been "more effectively operative" under strict control, then "the whole problem of design is empty of meaning."

The last phrase lets the cat out of the bag. He really feels that if "design" is unnecessary to the greatest works, or worse still, incompatible with them, it is not worth cultivating. If a Shakespeare is greater than a Racine, then Racines are worthless—unless Shakespeare and Racine could conceivably be rolled into one. Prof. Edgar, like many better critics, simply cannot think of "design" in a novel as *one* beauty—which it is good that some books should have, and just as good, or even better perhaps, that some should not have. If humour is a good thing in itself, then, of course, *Wuthering Heights* would be improved by it. If good "traditional" novels can still be written, *Mrs. Dalloway* was a mistake—and so on. In short, all existing novels are not personalities but more or less distant approaches to *the* novel, still unwritten, but, like the White Knight's pudding, very clever to have thought of.

Mrs. Masefield's little book has an unattractive appearance—and provides a most agreeable surprise. For it turns out to be a model of its difficult kind, very simple without dullness or condescension, easy, natural, full of anecdote and pleasant humour—possessing, in fact, the *human* quality of a good lecture. Biography and criticism are alike sensible and sympathetic, and each chapter has an admirable bibliography. I should have liked a short chapter on Mrs. Inchbald: even more agreeable would be a full-sized work by the same hand, to include the lesser and later women novelists. This only whets the appetite—but, of course, it was meant to.

K. JOHN

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Mr. Buchan has produced a tragedy in five acts, entitled *Gordon at Khartoum*. The principal parts are played as usual by Gordon, the Mahdi, Sir Evelyn Baring and Gladstone, ably assisted by Lord Hartington (who receives most of the hisses). A chorus of fanatical Dervishes on one side led by Abdullah, and a chorus of sentimental English on the other led by Victoria (and Mr. Stead), appropriately inform the world of the progress of the action. It is a competent piece of work; but it seems an invidious and hopeless task to attempt to apportion censure or praise of a moral nature to any of the actors of a tragedy. Tragedy is an inevitable and fateful event (at least as that word was understood by the Greeks), and is the resultant of forces which are not within the control of the actors. Time, circumstance, the play of character on character are the ingredients which, if accurately stated, lead sombrely on to the unavoidable cataclysm. Providence, moving in a mysterious way, having thought fit to inspire an obscure Mohammedan priest with the notion that he was the Twelfth Imam and Mr. Stead that a British General of evangelical tendencies was the best man to deal with him, had set in motion a train of events which were bound to follow one another as certainly as the night does the day. It is, therefore, my opinion that Mr. Buchan's admirably clear summary of the events which led to the disaster of Khartoum would have been enough in itself to have justified the production of this book; and that he burdens himself, and obscures the intrinsic interest of the play, by submitting the actions of the players to a tiresome and futile moral analysis.

When it became no longer possible to hope that Egypt herself could manage the evacuation of her military and civilian population from the Sudan, it was clear that someone had to be appointed to undertake the job. It seems first to have entered the mind of Lord Granville that Gordon was the man, and he duly recom-

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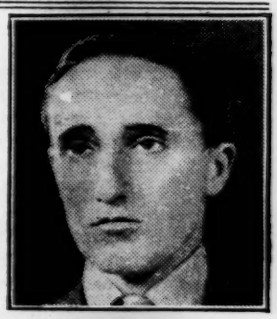

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mended his appointment to Gladstone, who accepted the proposal in an advisory sense only. Almost simultaneously the press began to "write up" Gordon. Baring, in Egypt, was asked if he objected to him, and replied that he thought it dangerous to appoint a Christian to a land in the throes of a religious movement. Baring, alone, made some effort to thwart the Fates—he had met Gordon and realised that he was temperamentally incapable of effecting the withdrawal. But he was overruled, and the play set in motion. The remaining acts—The Journey, The Forlorn Hope, The Race Against Time and The End—simply unfold the drama as a consequence of the hopeless misunderstandings, the incompatible principles and enthusiasms rampant in the breasts of the leading characters. Two minor tragic *motifs*, within the tragedy itself, which must be noticed, were Gordon's belief that his isolation at Khartoum was due to the malevolence of Baring; and the outburst of execration, delivered by the British chorus, which descended on Gladstone before the final curtain. In all seeming, both accusations had much to excuse them, yet both were entirely unjustified. Baring had regularly dispatched Gordon's messages to England; and had loyally supported his recommendations. As for Gladstone, he had been originally misinformed and afterwards kept much too long misinformed as to the exact capacity in which Gordon went to the Sudan; and it was surely well-nigh impossible for a man at his age to abandon the principles of a lifetime in a moment, and to enter into a policy of imperial expansion in direct opposition to all his fundamental political conceptions. It is when Mr. Buchan, perceiving that no one in reality could be blamed; aware that his players could not be simply classified as heroes or villains; yet—thus entirely misconceiving the elements of what constitutes tragedy—seeks for a villain and pounces on poor Lord Hartington, that one sees his tragedy has turned to farce and that he is writing nonsense. However, if he nowhere approaches in profundity a recent conception of Gordon (which he curiously refers to as an "ingenious travesty"), his facts are, for the most part, clearly stated.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes in a note to his *Marathon and Salamis*:

> Nobody is better aware than myself of the risk I have taken of foolishly running in where grave scholastic angels have trodden warily. The best I can say in excuse for such presumption is, that I have tried to assimilate all the various theories and yielded as far as possible without prejudice to conviction by the most plausible.

He need not have been so modest. His account of these decisive years in the history of civilisation is admirably lucid and intelligent. He bases his narrative on Herodotus and declines the recent bias of historians in favour of Sparta as opposed to the Victorian prejudice in favour of Athens. The Athenians thus come once more into their own. Miltiades and Themistocles appear as single-minded patriots acting in unison for a noble Panhellenic conception; and there is no hint that either of them may have been sitting on the fence. (The odd behaviour of Miltiades in the years after Marathon and the communication of Themistocles with Xerxes just before the battle of Salamis are both, however, open to suspicion.) The tardy action of the Spartans during the first crisis is underlined; and even at Plataea, won by Pausanias—a battle which definitely removed the menace of Persian dominion—Mr. Compton Mackenzie is inclined to give the palm to the left wing composed of Athenians and a small contingent of their faithful allies, the Plataeans. At Thermopylae, of course, he is unstinting in his admiration of Leonidas and his Spartans—but he does not forget the seven hundred Thespians who fought beside them. With regard to the conduct of the "medising" Boeotians and Thebans, the author prefers to follow Herodotus to Plutarch. He excuses himself frankly:

> The present writer, admitting to an inexpugnable prejudice against all Boeotians, and against the Thebans in particular, cannot help accepting the version of Herodotus.

This may not be the best way to write history, but so long as historians are human beings (even a Gibbon could not be impartial) we must expect to find our history coloured by an emotional response to the events which they describe. The present reviewer, for instance, finds Mr. Compton Mackenzie's summary of this important decade very much to his taste, partly because his sympathies have always been more with Athens than with Sparta.

If there is any fault to be found with this book, it is that the author is inclined to speculate as to what would have happened if things had turned out differently. In a straightforward account this sort of discussion is, at best, an academic exercise; and at the worst becomes confusing and controversial. He believes that a Persian world dominion would have hurried on the march of civilisation for man in the mass, but that the Grecian victory preserved, even at the cost of nationalism and wars so engendered, the liberty of the individual up to the present era. He concludes with a pessimistic chapter on liberty, and refers to the Totalitarian and Communistic polities with an equal disapprobation. But in spite of excursions into fields with which he is not here directly concerned, Mr. Compton Mackenzie is to be congratulated on having produced a very well written and succinct account of the momentous years of Marathon and Salamis.

RICHARD STRACHEY

AMERICAN WOMEN

America Through Women's Eyes. Edited by MARY BEARD. *Macmillan.* $3.50.

In this book there are extracts from the letters, journals, histories, and lives of intelligent and serious women from the very earliest colonisation to the present day. The intention has been to throw a new and important light on history—showing the active part which women have taken in shaping the destiny of America to a hitherto uninformed public. But surely there is nothing in this book which people, ignorant of American history, did not know at least in broad outline, and take for granted—except perhaps the extent to which women took part in the politics of the Civil War. It is ruined as a persuasive document by its introduction and comments; particularly horrible examples of American journalese; muddle-headed, generalising, and grimly unhumorous.

"No less dynamic in history than woman as force is woman's conception of herself and her role in the processes of culture and civilisation, for, as many writers correctly insist, ideas are also forces in social evolution."

Considered simply as an anthology of odd pieces of information about individual American men and women this book is rather attractive. It is amusing to read about the man who dismissed a labourer for swearing at his oxen. "They work hard for me six days a week," he said, "and all they get is what they eat. They can't be sworn at or abused." And the naive seriousness of John Adams' remark: "A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago," was taken by a woman historian as a comment of anthropological importance. The vigorous letters of Eliza Lucas Pinkney, beginning when she was in her 'teens (in 1739) already managing her father's plantation, and going on for many years, are so charming that one would have liked to have read the whole collection.

SHORTER NOTICE

Java Pageant. By H. W. PONDER. *Seeley Service.* 18*s.*

While the author of this book does not claim to be an authority on Java, she has written attractively about it from the point of view of a resident of some years standing. There can be no question, for instance, in highly recommending *Java Pageant* to the intelligent tourist who contemplates a stay of some months in the island; he will find the book invaluable as a simple guide to the modern conditions now prevailing. But to the serious student of the Archipelago the author is disappointing and tantalizing. She briefly mentions the extraordinary native puppet-theatre; and, although she gives an admirable account of a performance, takes us no farther into the history of the myth which it clearly represents. Again, while she touches on the various mixture of races inhabiting the island, there is no detailed anthropological discussion likely to be of interest to the scientist. On the architecture and history of the island the author is unnecessarily brief: one has the feeling, all the time, that she could say much more if she would on these subjects; but having chosen her public must on no account risk boring it. Nevertheless, the book will be found very useful to visitors to Java; and one cannot praise sufficiently the excellent photographs with which it is illustrated.

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2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

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Report by Margaret Macalister

The judge who attempts to deal with this competition is faced with an obvious difficulty. Almost every list contains excellent suggestions : but none contains all the best. A brilliant hit in one section is neutralised by a missfire in another ; and one can arrive at a decision only by counting the aggregate of bull's-eyes.

A few competitors furnished readable lists, with, however, no particular appropriateness to the cases in point. Others harped overmuch on the individual peculiarities.

The unhappy financier was remorselessly guyed. Competitors romped round his pillory, pelting him with such missiles as *The Wages of Sin*, *Peccavi*, *Crime and Punishment*, *The Sorrows of Satan*, *The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot*, and *Dartmoor Stories* (by Eden Phillpotts). A few thoughtfully provided him with material for a future career—*Self-Help*, *The Stock Exchange Year Book*, *Crockford's*, and *How to Make Money at Monte Carlo*. Fewer still held out hope for amendment of life, with *Goodbye to All That*, *The Christmas Carol*, *Songs of Innocence*, and *The Fragrant Minute*, by Wilhelmina Stitch.

Clients of Youth Hostels are birds of passage, here to-day and gone to-morrow. For this reason long books—e.g., *Rogue Herries*, *The Old Wives' Tale*—are ruled out. Even *The Good Companions* (a popular choice) is hardly episodic enough. William Bliss roundly declares that nothing will meet the case but ten copies of the *Woodhouse Omnibus*, a suggestion countered by T. E. Casson, who supplies *his* Youth with Kant, Hegel, Hobbes, Locke, Marx, and J. S. Mill. "Cunctator's" *Cold Comfort Farm* suggests ominous possibilities.

The librarian seemed to furnish the toughest problem. He was condemned by some to the lightest of diet, by some exclusively to sport, by some to books no gentlemen's library should be without. Some competitors spoiled otherwise excellent lists by taking it for granted that the librarian would thirst exclusively for "censored" literature, and fed him with this to the full. William Bliss suggested his learning patience from Job, wisdom from Solomon, and relieving his pent-up feelings (I suppose) by an account of the burning of the Alexandrian library.

Upon the lighthouse-keeper competitors showered kindly advice in medicine and cookery. L. Ormerod boldly relieved *The Great Hunger* with *Shrimps for Tea*. "Cunctator's" *A Room of One's Own* was happily suggestive. I doubt this reader's appreciation of *The Wandering Scholars*, or *The Queen's Quair ;* but plenty of lighter fare was at his disposal, including the indispensable Wodehouse.

After much painful weighing of merit, I assign the first prize to Allan M. Laing (whose apt comments, as these were not specified, I have not taken into account), and the second to Peter Hadley. It is only possible to publish one section of each entry. I commend the following competitors, "Quickly," Mary Lavie, and Hugh Shearman.

FIRST PRIZE

FOR THE DYSPEPTIC LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

The Jeeves Omnibus (Wodehouse).	The laughter cure for his trouble.
The Night Watchman (Jacob's omnibus).	
The Black Cap (Edit. Asquith).	To make him jump—good for his liver.
Collected Ghost Stories (James).	
Great Sea Stories of All Nations.	For his appreciation and scorn.
Four Advts. of Richd. Hannay (Buchan).	Fictional thrills to keep his mind off his stomach and his loneliness.
Edgar Wallace Police Van.	
Treasure Island.	
The Worst Journey in the World (Cherry-Garrard).	A real thrill to keep the fiction in countenance.
Checkley's Exercises.	Obviously.

ALLAN M. LAING

SECOND PRIZE

FOR THE COMPANY PROMOTER

DICKENS : A Christmas Carol.
FARRAR : Eric, or Little by Little.
JOHN STUART MILL : Utilitarianism.
MOLIERE : L'Avare.
PLATO : The Republic.
POPE : Essay on Man.
ROUSSEAU : The Social Contract.
ADAM SMITH : The Wealth of Nations.
WILHELMINA STITCH : The Fragrant Minute.
STRUWELPETER.

PETER HADLEY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 93.—CRAZY WEEK AT THE SABRE CLUB

Twenty-one players participated in Crazy Week at the Sabre Club. This festival lasted for six days. Each day the players formed themselves into three pools, each member of a pool fighting each of its other members.

The minimum strength of a pool was fixed at five members. The total number of contests taking place increased from day to day. Jack Point, the enthusiastic Secretary of the Club, took part each day, after the second day, in one more contest than he had engaged in the day before. His wife, Cilly, took part in seventeen fewer contests than did Jack.

Their son, Counter, never fenced in the same pool as either his father or his mother.

In how many contests did Counter Point participate ?

PROBLEM 91.—THE FIVE LIARS

Three of the girls were correct once each and two were correct three times.

Set out the following table of placings :

	1	2	3	4	5
B	K	E	J	B	M
E	K	B	J	M	E
J	B	K	J	E	M
K	K	B	E	J	M
M	K	E	B	M	J

Summary

1. K 4. B 1.
2. K 1. B 2. E 2.
3. J 3. B 1. E 1.
4. J 1. M 2. B 1. E 1.
5. J 1. M 3. E 1.

Then as $9 = 4 + 3 + 1 + 1$
$= 4 + 2 + 2 + 1$ etc.,

we see that the following orders give 9 correct statements of which 3 were given by 2 girls, one each by each of the others :

K M J B E } corresponding to $4 + 3 + 1 + 1$
K J E B M }
B E J K M " " $3 + 3 + 2 + 1$

Of these the last is the only one in which only one girl gives her own place correctly.

Hence the correct order is :

(1) *Betty*, (2) *Ethel*, (3) *Joan*, (4) *Kitty*, (5) *Mary*.

PROBLEM 90.—ALTERNATIVES.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : C. L. Wiseman, Queen's College, Taunton. There were 42 correct solutions.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 89.—BRIDGE

Five points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

The Fabian Society

FRIENDS' HALL LECTURES

(Please note change of Hall)

Autumn, 1934

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Friends' Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 25th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "Socialism, Democracy, Dictatorship." The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:—

1. Thursday, 25th October. **"THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON."**
   Chairman: MR. G. R. BLANCO WHITE.
   Lecturer: MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

2. Thursday, 1st November. **"FREEDOM, AUTHORITY AND EMPIRE."**
   Chairman: DR. T. DRUMMOND SHIELS.
   Lecturer: SIR NORMAN ANGELL.

3. Thursday, 8th November. **"LIBERTY AND THE PLANNED STATE."**
   Chairman: MISS HELEN KEYNES.
   Lecturer: SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.

4. Thursday, 15th November. **"THE WORLD FRAMEWORK OF FREEDOM."**
   Chairman: MR. IVOR THOMAS.
   Lecturer: MR. P. NOEL BAKER.

5. Thursday, 22nd November. **"THE ANTI-FEMINIST REACTION."**
   Chairman: MISS A. SUSAN LAWRENCE.
   Lecturer: MISS ELLEN WILKINSON.

6. Thursday, 29th November. **"THE RIGHT TO CRITICISE."**
   Chairman: DR. ERIC FLETCHER, L.C.C.
   Lecturer: PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 15th, 1934, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and front rows of gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for back rows of stalls and gallery, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

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Design S 419

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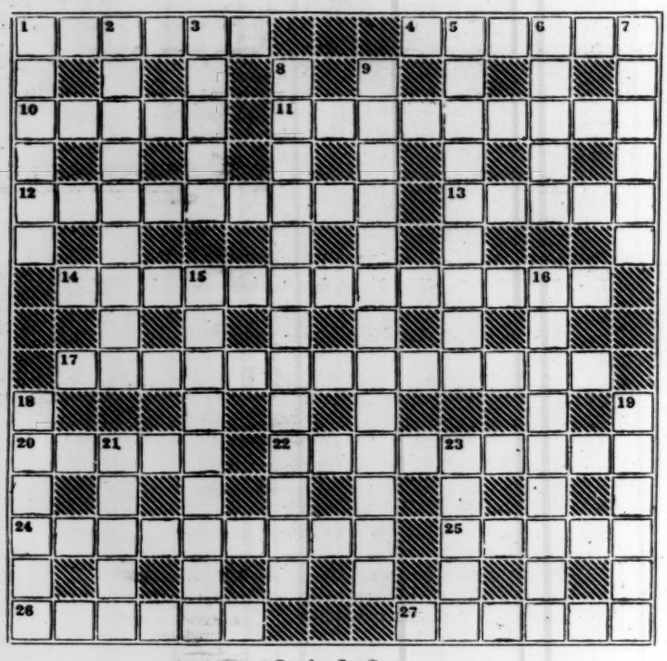
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 239

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss E. M. Wood, 55 Calthorpe Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham

ACROSS.

1. A round about road.
4. New public school'd.
10. The Dane was a romantic hero.
11. Healthy greeting question.
12. These creepers are presumably not quick because they are blind.
13. It's the cowboy's job to ride on it.
14. Hit sixes to show the parochial limit?
17. Fortunate collision.
20. 'Taint a giant.
22. Even such pegs would not fit round holes.
24. Rebel rage in drink.
25. The cake you have you can't have.
26. Anciently how to prepare for shooting.
27. Very French to me.

DOWN.

1. B— parasite that flourished during the War.
2. Keats composed an ode to her.
3. Blemishes are growing up.
5. About turn civilly ordered.
6. Entrance yet not captivate.
7. A cold one is discouraging.
8. Assemblies for military service.
9. Bravoes not hurrahs.
15. It isn't cricket but like it.
16. Town to provide a runner to a college fellow.
18. Go to the edge of the pit.
19. Pub inset upset.
21. Formerly an animal for the back seat.
23. A line for waiters.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	U	P	P	Y	D	O	G	S	■	T	A	I	L	S
A	■	I	■	O	■	U	■	H	■	E	■	N	■	T
R	E	C	O	U	N	T	■	A	D	A	P	T	E	R
I	■	T	■	N	■	L	■	R	■	R	■	H	■	E
S	M	U	G	G	L	E	■	P	R	O	T	E	G	E
■	■	R	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	S	■	N	■	T
S	T	E	E	R	S	■	C	E	L	E	R	I	A	C
E	■	O	■	■	O	■	T	■	■	■	C	■	A	■
R	I	F	F	R	A	F	F	■	H	A	W	K	E	R
A	■	H	■	E	■	F	■	T	■	M	■	O	■	■
P	R	E	L	U	D	E	■	W	H	A	T	F	O	R
H	■	A	■	N	■	N	■	I	■	T	■	T	■	O
I	L	L	W	I	N	D	■	S	P	E	C	I	A	L
N	■	T	■	O	■	E	■	T	■	U	■	M	■	L
A	S	H	E	N	■	D	E	S	E	R	T	E	R	S

MOOD INDIGO

A man seems to think he has a right to be bad-tempered in the morning. "Poor John got out of bed the wrong side," sighs his adoring wife as he decapitates an egg with vicious brutality. But actually he has no excuse whatever. There is a simple cure for matutinal moroseness—a dash of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in a tumbler of water. Then it's good-bye to grumpiness and farewell to fretfulness, for Eno freshens and cleanses the system for the rest of the day.

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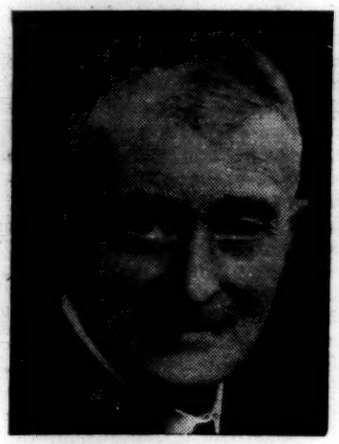

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WORLD LEAGUE FOR SEXUAL REFORM ON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURES, 1934-35.
to be held at The Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.
On WEDNESDAYS,
Oct. 10th, 1934, at 8 p.m., DR. PRYNS HOPKINS. "REAL AND ILLUSORY ISSUES IN SEXUAL REFORM." Chairman: MR. NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.
Nov. 7th, 1934, at 8 p.m., V. MORLEY LAWSON, Esq. "SEXUAL PROBLEMS IN LEGAL PRACTICE," with a discussion of actual cases.
Dec. 12th, 1934, at 8 p.m., PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE. "POSSIBILITIES AND LIMITATIONS OF STERILISATION AS A EUGENIC MEASURE."
Jan. 16th, 1935, at 8 p.m., PROFESSOR J. C. FLUGEL. "UNCONSCIOUS SEXUAL FACTORS IN POLITICS."
Feb. 13th, 1935, at 8 p.m., A. S. NEILL, Esq., M.A. "LOVE."
Mar. 13th, 1935, at 8 p.m., MRS. JANET CHANCE. "MARITAL JEALOUSY."
April 10th, 1935, at 8 p.m., NORMAN HAIRE, Esq., Ch.M., M.B. Title of lecture to be announced later.
May 8th, 1935, at 8 p.m., DORA RUSSELL. Title of lecture to be announced later.
Members of the W.L.S.R. will be admitted free. To other persons a charge of one shilling will be made for admission. Tickets may be obtained from the SECRETARY, W.S.L.R., 127 Harley Street, W.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope for reply with all communications.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, October 7th, at 11 a.m. OLAF STAPLEDON: OUTGROWING A GREAT RELIGION. 6.30 p.m. Concert of Chamber Music.
Tuesday, October 9th, at 7 p.m. PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE: THE REBIRTH OF MATERIALISM.
Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

NEW BRITAIN LECTURES. 3 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Oct. 6th.—FACTS ABOUT INDIA, Dr. Sen. Oct. 13th.—HEALTH IN NEW BRITAIN, Dr. Hector Munro. 3.15. Admission free. Collection.

LECTURES—continued

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Course of Three Lectures on "PHILOSOPHY AND LOGICAL SYNTAX" will be given by PROF. DR. RUDOLF CARNAP (Professor of Philosophy in the University of Prague) at BEDFORD COLLEGE (Regent's Park, N.W.1) on OCTOBER 8th, 10th and 12th, at 5.15 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. L. Susan Stebbing, D.Lit. (Professor of Philosophy in the University).

A Lecture in memory of the late CECIL HEADLAM, M.A., F.R.Hist.S. (Editor of the Calendars of State Papers, Colonial), entitled "SOUTH AFRICA AND THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE" will be given by PROF. A. P. NEWTON, D.Lit., F.S.A. (Rhodes Professor of Imperial History in the University) at KING'S COLLEGE (Strand, W.C.2) on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by the Chancellor of the University (The Right Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.)

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LITERARY

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LITERARY—continued

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE THREATENED DEFLATION—MR. MCKENNA'S WARNING—OVER-VALUED EQUITIES—A.B. CINEMA—DAILY MAIL TRUST

ON one or two former occasions I have drawn my readers' attention to the deflationary possibilities of the Government's debt funding policy. It seems a dull subject, but it is immensely important for the investor. The Government's policy on debt affects the investor directly or indirectly in almost every market. I return to the attack this week because the Midland Bank in its September–October bulletin has provided me with round upon round of ammunition. I need hardly say that there is no collusion between the Midland Bank and this page—indeed, I propose to fire a few shots at Mr. McKenna just to demonstrate my disinterestedness—but the Midland Bank compels quotation because it is the only one of the "big five" to stand up to the Bank of England and to take its customers into its confidence (more or less) on matters of banking policy. The facts are that in the twelve months to August the deposits of the ten London clearing banks declined by £110 millions and their holdings of bills (mainly Treasury Bills) by £137 millions, while the total amount of Treasury bills outstanding declined by £159 millions. Because the joint stock banks regard liquidity as the first essential of our banking system they have maintained a certain ratio of cash to deposits, namely 10 per cent., and have rarely allowed advances and investments together to exceed 70 per cent. of the total deposits. The cash ratio, however, is based on the assumption that behind the cash holdings is an adequate supply of bills, "the second line of defence," guaranteeing a steady daily inflow of cash as they mature. If the second line of defence becomes attenuated, the first line must be strengthened. So, when the Government reduced the supply of Treasury bills by funding its floating debt, it forced the banks (under the rules of the banking game) to work on a higher cash ratio. In the year to September, 1933, the ratio of cash to deposits averaged 10.63 per cent.: in the succeeding eight months it rose to an average of 11.55 per cent.

* * *

It may seem foolish to the layman that the joint stock banks did not make use of their surplus cash. But they could not use their surplus cash to buy investments without increasing the combined ratio of advances and investments to deposits and so upsetting their conventional liquidity. You may be asking how the funding operations have contracted their deposits. The investors who subscribed to the new Government funding loans paid by cheques on the clearing banks, so that large sums were transferred from the cash balances of the clearing banks at the Bank of England to the balance there of the Government. Thus the deposits at the clearing banks were reduced. So far the decline in deposits has had no direct effect upon trade and industry, for the turnover on current accounts has increased, but indirectly, according to the Midland Bank, it has slowed down the flow of money into new capital undertakings because it has relieved the existing pressure to find profitable employment for funds. Moreover, it may have suggested to the Bank of England that there is a redundancy of bank cash. In the past few months the absolute amount of cash available to the banks has been curtailed. To quote Mr. McKenna:

> Reduction of bills has necessitated a higher cash ratio, and if now the absolute amount of cash is to be reduced it must be followed by deliberate steps on the part of the banks to reduce still further their deposit liabilities, and this they can do either by selling investments or, in the last resort, by exerting greater stringency in respect of accommodation to customers. Whatever the method employed, further reduction of deposit liabilities will no longer be effective wholly or mainly, as hitherto, upon inactive deposits, but will entail a positive reduction in the supply of circulating money. This in turn cannot fail to place an obstacle in the way of the requickening of the wheels of recovery, which already have begun to move perceptibly more slowly.

Mr. McKenna, in my opinion, goes too far in suggesting that the funding operations, by "relieving the pressure to find profitable employment of funds," have slowed down the flow of money into new capital undertakings. If the Treasury's object is to make long-term borrowing cheaper and cheaper, it is bound to stimulate the movement of funds into new capital enterprise. But the Midland Bank does a public service in calling attention to the danger of curtailing the absolute amount of bank cash which the Bank of England has recently allowed. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, please note.

This brings me to the question of the valuation of industrial equity shares on the Stock Exchange. According to the Actuaries' Index industrial shares are yielding on the average 3.65 per cent. If we agree that good industrial debenture stocks should be yielding under 4 per cent. and well-covered industrial preference shares under 4½ per cent., we might expect to buy stable dividend equities on, say, a 4.65 per cent. yield basis. The present average market yield, according to the Actuaries' Investment Index, of 3.65 per cent. discounts an increase in dividends of 27½ per cent. and an increase in earnings of something in excess of 27½ per cent. Now, if industrial profits remain for the rest of the year at the levels shown for the first half of 1934, they will show an increase on the average of nearly 12 per cent. above the levels of 1933. In other words, the average market valuations to-day of industrial equity shares appear to discount an increase in earnings of at least double the probable increase. This, however, is talking in generalities. If we examine the industrial leaders it would appear that the market is taking an even more bullish view of the industrial prospects than is indicated by the Actuaries' Index. The following table gives a list of certain leaders, showing the present market prices, the dividend and earnings yields on the basis of the last financial year and the yields on the dividends which the market expects to be paid in respect of the current year. This table confirms rather than confutes the suspicion of over-valuation:

	% Earned.	% Paid.	Present Price.	Gross Yield % on Earnings	Gross Yield % on Dividends.	Yield % on Estimated Dividends.
				£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Courtaulds ...	9.0 net	6 net	48/–	4 16 9	3 4 6	3 15 3 on 7% net.
J. Lyons Ordinary	29.7	22½	7⅛	3 16 0	2 17 9	2 17 9
Rolls-Royce ...	29.4	17	108/6	3 15 3	3 2 9	3 13 9 on 20%
Turner and Newall	6.5	5.0	51/3	2 12 3*	2 0 3*	3 6 6* on 8⅛%
F. W. Woolworth 5/–	112.8	80.0	113/3	4 19 6	3 10 9	4 0 0 on 90%

* Equivalent gross yield after allowing for tax at 4/– in £.

These shares are not, of course, strictly comparable as it is reasonable to allow for a lower dividend yield in the case of a company operating in a progressive industry, such as asbestos and aeroplane manufacturing.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. John Maxwell, the energetic chairman and managing director of Associated British Picture. It is not so many years ago that Mr. Maxwell bought up the then bankrupt studios at Elstree and began to make a home for British film production. More recently still he set about building a new circuit of cinema theatres, which in 1933-34 had a difficult time. The prosperous film-producing company and the struggling cinema circuit (200 theatres) are now amalgamated in one concern —Associated British Picture—which is shortly to make an issue of first mortgage debenture stock secured on £6,000,000 worth of properties. To cap his success, Mr. Maxwell is now negotiating for the purchase of control of Gaumont-British, a much larger film producer and cinema circuit than his own group. The new Associated British Picture 5 per cent. debenture stock at 101 is not an unattractive speculative investment.

* * *

In May last I suggested that some investors who would not care to back Lord Rothermere's policies might not object to backing his capacity to make profits, at any rate for a short period. Since that paragraph was written Associated Newspapers, his operating company, raised its quarterly dividend from 5 per cent. to 6⅔ per cent., beginning with the quarter's dividend paid in July (I had estimated 25 per cent. per annum). The resulting increase in the revenue of the Daily Mail Trust will only be partly reflected in the accounts for the year ending September 30th; but at last year's meeting the Chairman said that if conditions justified it the Trust would draw on the carry-forward for an increased dividend. Last year, the Daily Mail Trust paid 10 per cent. tax free. The increase in revenue from Associated Newspapers in a full year would bring the Trust's earnings up by 3⅜ per share per cent. tax free. The market is assuming dividends of 12½ per cent. tax free, but so satisfactory are the advertising revenues of the *Daily Mail* group that it would not be surprising to see a larger increase in future Daily Mail Trust dividends. At the present price of 58*s.* 9*d.* Daily Mail Trust Shares yield £4 19*s.* per cent. gross on the basis of 12½ per cent. tax free. This is not a case of an over-valued share.

COMPANY MEETING.

ANGLO-ORIENTAL MINING CORPORATION

The sixth annual general meeting of the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation, Ltd., was held on Wednesday in London.

Mr. John Howeson (the chairman), speaking of the benefits brought about by the control of output of tin, said it was not yet, perhaps, generally appreciated that the actual curtailment during the three and a half years of statutory control had amounted to nearly 300,000 tons, even if the potential output of the plant in process of erection, but not fully producing, was excluded. If that output were included the stupendous total of 370,000 tons was reached, for not one ton of which was there any possible market. Those facts and figures illustrated better than any mere words the remarkable results which had been achieved by the control, both in restoring to normal proportions an ever-increasing accumulation of stocks, which at one time amounted to at least three times the utmost requirements of the trade, and also in re-establishing an economic price in face of a production capacity so vastly in excess of the contemporary demand.

Other advantages likely to prove of the greatest value were the maintenance of a stable price-level, the endowment of a substantial fund for research work, and the very friendly relations that had been established with the principal consuming interests.

After taking in the net profit of £62,233 and deducting last year's allocation to reserves and the £7,094 charged to taxation account, the final balance on appropriation account was £176,526, compared with £126,387 at the beginning of the period.

In the report the directors drew attention to the fact that while the other quoted securities had now increased in value in excess of the book cost, the Corporation's investment in London Tin Corporation, if valued at the market price, would still show a substantial depreciation. The accumulated arrears of Preference dividend of that corporation, however, had now been discharged, and they might look forward with confidence, he hoped, to a dividend on their very large holding of Ordinary shares in the not very distant future.

The directors had attempted to arrive at an aggregate valuation of the combined assets of the corporation and the Anglo-Oriental Trust, its subsidiary. To offset the issued capital of the corporation, plus the balance on appropriation account, the value of those should amount in the aggregate to £1,926,526. Actually the valuation which had been made exceeded £2,000,000.

After dealing with the investments in Anglo-Oriental (Malaya), by far the largest enterprise of its kind in Malaya; in Anglo-Oriental (India), a regular dividend-payer throughout the depression, and in the Ship Carbon Company, the chairman said that an unquoted interest which he specially had to commend to the shareholders' consideration was a gold-dredging property situated on the Tano River in West Africa.

It was evident from the exhaustive data already collated that there was a sufficient yardage of rich alluvial to justify the formation of at least one successful gold-dredging concern, and it seemed by no means improbable that the initial operating company, which was now in course of preparation, might be followed by others. He was convinced that the valuation put upon the unquoted investments was not unduly optimistic.

Summarising his review of the consolidated assets, the investments had been valued at £1,805,198, and properties and ventures at £165,000, a total of £1,970,000. Cash, debtors and sundries, less creditors, added about £40,000 and it would therefore seem that they were covered as to capital and accumulated profits with a margin approaching £100,000.

The directors looked forward to receiving from now onwards further repayments of the funds at present loaned to the Trust, and they proposed to utilise those repayments in discharging the remaining arrears of Preference dividend. They believed that the development now in hand would expedite that process.

The Anglo-African Selected Investments was formed in May, principally to hold the Trust's very considerable investments in Lyndhurst Deep Level, Limited, and Konongo Gold Mines, Ltd., both of which were under the corporation's management.

The two greatest dangers that he saw in the situation were the doctrine of national self-sufficiency and the unstable or frozen exchanges. He was convinced that the world would recover its economic health much more rapidly if Governments were to concentrate less on monetary manipulations and more upon the scientific regulation of commodity production. He had already stressed the vital importance of a stable price. Tin, nickel, and aluminium were controlled metals, and their stability was due to intelligent regulation.

The principal consumption of tin was in the tinplate industry. Apart from its hygienic advantages, tinplate was the cheapest and most convenient vehicle for preserving and transporting food supplies, and that applied equally whether the price was £100 or £300 per ton. The argument that the present price had stimulated a vast activity in outside countries was ill-founded.

On nearly all sides there was evidence of improvement in the industries which consumed tin. He believed that they might count upon a greater impetus in the rate of recovery next year, and that they might look forward to a substantial increase in the average quota of production allowed for 1935.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

PHILOSOPHY

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